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Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist

Verses by Carolyn Wells

Fish

1 Kitty, filled with jubilation, showed a gay and laughing face
As she went one pleasant morning to her newest, choicest place.
In a swagger Beauty Parlor, quite de luxe and up to date,
Kitty was a demonstrator, all prepared to demonstrate.

2 Modish customers came flocking—Kitty had a charming smile—
And she made the women see that treatment really was worth while.
This one she advised a facial, that one needed a massage,
Or she ordered Reducycle, followed by a Vibrasage.

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3 Well, it chanced that this fine morning came the actress, Celandine.
With her glorious hair of auburn, she was called the Titian Queen.
Round her lovely face it clustered; she was like a pictured saint,
With a halo of the color that old Titian loved to paint.

4 As the actress hastened past them to her own especial room,
How they clustered around Kitty—"What's she after, schoolgirl bloom?"
"I don't know," said Curious Kitty, interested as could be,
"I've no notion—but, well—maybe if I can—I'll try to see."

5 See! Well, rather! Curious Kitty saw those lovely Titian locks
Doused with fiery reddish liquid, from a Frenchy-looking box.
She stood gazing through the curtain—all the women peeked and sniffed.
Came the manager—and Kitty found herself once more adrift!

(Continued Next Sunday)

The Curious Result of a Japanese Beauty Contest

TOKYO, Japan.

WHEN the news reached Japan that Charlie Chaplin was coming here on his around-the-world tour, it created quite a flurry of excitement. The shops began to show "Chaplin" toys, dolls, pencils and other things. One of the big Japanese papers, The Jiji Shimpo in Osaka, started a contest to select by public choice seven of the most beautiful and popular girls in Japan to give over to China to greet the comedian and escort him to this country. More than 3,000,000 votes were cast and everybody supposed that the leading Japanese screen-stars would be elected.

But that is not what happened. The three best-known screen actresses, Miss Sumiko Kurishima, Miss Naoe Fushimi and Miss Kimiyo Tanaka were eliminated entirely, while Miss Shizue Natsukawa, another popular film star, came in third. The girl who received the largest number of votes—329,969—was Miss Kimiyo Sugimoto, a waitress in the Union Restaurant in Osaka.

The selection of Miss Sugimoto as the most popular young woman in Japan casts a strange light on what is regarded here as beauty. With her horn-rimmed spectacles, the young woman resembles a school teacher rather than a cafe waitress, and this is considered a point in her favor.

It must be remembered that the Japanese are always anxious to create a favorable impression on distinguished visitors from other countries, especially from the United States. Formal courtesy was to be the keynote of the welcoming ceremonies, staged for Charlie Chaplin, as it is in all such affairs in Japan. Miss Sugimoto's picture published in the Osaka newspaper apparently convinced her countrymen that she has poise and character as well as a generous measure of good looks, judged by the beauty standards of the Land of Cherry Blossom.

One little misstep on the part of any of the young women selected to greet the celebrated film comedian would bring discredit on them all. And the bespectacled waitress looks like the sort of girl who could be depended upon to behave with grace and restraint under any circumstances.

Miss Yaeko Midzutani the Only Representative of the Stage to Make a Showing.

Miss Shizuye Natsukawa, the Japanese Movie Actress Who Came Out Third in the Unusual Voting.

Strange As It May Seem, This Dainty Film Star, Miss Yoko Niyi, Came Out in Second Place, Losing to a Waitress.

Miss Kimiyo Sugimoto, the Cafe Waitress With the Schoolteacher Face Who Won the Contest.

The girl who won second place in the contest—Miss Yoko Niji—is a Japanese movie player who has yet to achieve great popularity among the film fans of the Island Empire. It is not surprising that she, too, polled more than 211,000 votes because she seemed to combine comeliness, quiet refinement and poise.

Because they represent the movie industry, in which Chaplin stands so high—and because they, too, possess more than the usual share of physical attractiveness, Miss Shizuye Natsukawa and Miss Yaeko Midzutani, both well-known movie stars, were the third and fourth choices on the welcoming committee. Neither of these celebrities, however, polled more than a third as many votes cast for the obscure waitress.

The fifth, sixth and seventh members of the group selected go to China to escort Chaplin to Tokyo were, in the opinion of many Japanese, the real beauties picked in the contest. Miss Kikuya is an unusually pretty Geisha girl, Miss Ginko Kone is a taxi dancer in an Osaka dance hall and Miss Komagiku is a Geisha girl, who would be considered attractive even in America. They, however, were to have little to do with the actual greeting and were patterns their behavior on that of their waitress spokesman.

Lost Treasure of the Aztecs — Will Science Ever Uncover It?

WHEN Cortez, the Spanish conquistador, landed at what is now the city of Vera Crus, Mexico, in 1519, Montezuma, the emperor of the Aztecs sent the adventuring visitor a chest of elaborately wrought objects in gold and silver. With this princely gift he made the polite request that the Spaniards detour around the highly civilized Aztec cities on the highlands during their explorations.

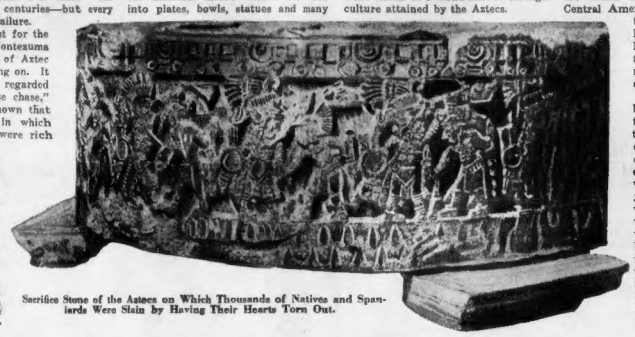
Cortez had an insane lust for wealth and was what would be called today a "hard-boiled" man. The valuable peace offering from the Aztec king convinced him that he was in a land of fabulous riches. He made up his mind to get these riches for himself and his men, and set out on the greatest and longest treasure hunt in history.

The Spanish adventurer led his army through jungles and over mountains. They massacred the Aztecs, razed cities, looted tombs. They devised tortures more horrible than those of the Spanish Inquisition — but they never located the treasure they sought.

Scientists, soldiers of fortune and various expeditions sponsored by the Mexican government have been searching for the Aztec hoard of gold, silver and precious stones ever since — for more than four centuries—but every clue has led to failure.

The long quest for the treasure of Montezuma and a long line of Aztec kings is still going on. It never has been regarded as a "wild goose chase," because it is known that the mountains in which this race lived were rich in gold and silver. Tons of the precious ore were mined and made into a great variety of objects. There are ancient records to prove that this extinct nation of Indians ate their meals from plates of the purest gold and drank from cups of the same material.

Their religious shrines were repositories for immense mined wealth fashioned into plates, bowls, statues and many other objects by artisans whose handiwork stands as a monument to the high culture attained by the Aztecs.



Sacrifice Stone of the Aztecs on Which Thousands of Natives and Spaniards Were Slain by Having Their Hearts Torn Out.

Every little while a few such relics are found by inquisitive diggers in Central American ruins, but none of these sporadic discoveries has given any hint of the hiding place of the lost treasure, which is estimated to be worth billions of dollars.

Various theories have been advanced as to where the Aztec rulers cached their fabulous wealth. One of these has the treasure cleverly sealed in a series of mountain caverns, where the gold, silver and jewels were carried by a veritable army of Indians, whose overlords were determined not to be robbed by the greedy and bloodthirsty Spaniards. Another theory has the riches dumped in some lake before the capture of Tenochtitlan, the ancient capital of the Aztec empire. Still another theory vaguely locates the treasure in one or more of the crumbling and weather-beaten stone pyramids which dot the jungles of entral America.

Many expeditions have searched the mountains for the sealed mouths of caverns, dragged the bottoms of lakes and dug into a score of pyramids. But the secret of the long-dead Aztec kings is still theirs.

History records that the Spaniards brutally tortured Guauhtemoc, the last emperor of the Aztecs, in an effort to make him reveal the hiding place of the treasure. But he died without uttering a word that might lead his avaricious captors to the hoard.

In Mexico City there is a statue representing the Lord of Tenoch, an Aztec noble, being tortured by the Conquistadors. He is pleading with Guauhtemoc to tell the Spaniards where the riches are and put an end to his agony. The emperor looks with disdain on the weakness of his partner. His reply, etched in stone, is: "Do you think that I, too, lie on a bed of roses?"

Persecuted Seven Years by a Hidden Enemy Who Shot, Stabbed and Chained Him

READERS of the American Weekly will recall the publication in these pages, some weeks ago, of a story about Chris Van Lone, of Racine, Wisconsin. For more than two years Mr. Van Lone has been the victim of some mysterious enemy who appears out of nowhere and punches him, beats him with a club, or slashes at him with a knife. The police have so far been unable to help the victim identify his assailant.

A similar and even more brutal and mysterious case of persecution by a "phantom" enemy has been going on at Rice Lake, Wisconsin, for seven years. The victim, a farmer named George Bunce, has been shot, stabbed, and chained up in his barn, or at least, he has reported such occurrences to the authorities. Three times his barn has been burned to the ground and twice his home has been ransacked by the unknown enemy and his henchmen, according to his story.

The reign of terror for Bunce began about seven years ago when he bought a piece of land from a neighbor, Mrs. James Robins.

Soon after the deal was made, someone poisoned several of Mr. Bunce's best cows. A few days after this incident the farmer got a letter. Among other things it said, "We would like to try to explain why you are having all of this trouble. Good many years ago we wanted to buy that lake shore land to build a home on, but Mr. Robbins got it first. Mr. Robbins told us that if he ever sold it that we could have first chance. When Mrs. Robbins sold it to you it made me awful mad and I made up my mind it would not do you any good."

This was the first of a long string of similar upsetting communications. Sometimes the messages were put in the mails and sometimes they were tacked on the Bunce home, or the barn.

At first Bunce refused to be intimidated. Then, one night, a bullet ripped through his arm as he was coming out of his barn. A few days after he got out of the hospital his barn was burned to the ground. He built a new one and held his ground. The new barn also went up into flames and all the Bunce livestock with it.

The sheriff sent a couple of men to guard the place, but the officers saw no prowlers. A handwriting expert was called on the case and suggested that Bunce himself was writing the many terrorizing notes he received. Bunce hotly denied this and none of his neighbors could believe that any man would persecute himself.

After five years of persecution the Bunce family took a house in the town of Rice Lake. They hardly had left their farm when a note was left at their new home. It read: "The doctor says I haven't long to live. I'm sorry for all the trouble I've caused you. Go back to your land. You won't be bothered any more."

The Bunces moved back to the farm, where they promptly got another letter informing them that their persecutor had died and left some of his property to Mr. Bunce. This letter, however, was the opening shot in a new reign of terror.

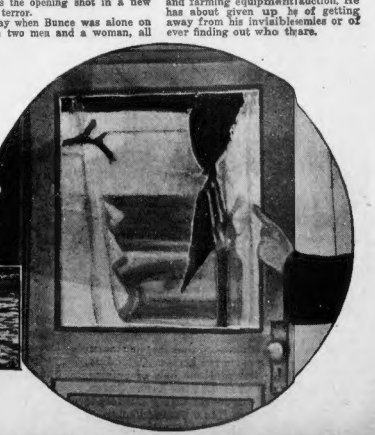
One day when Bunce was alone on his place two men and a woman, all masked, drove into his yard, chained him to a post in the yard and ransacked the house. Later a letter came explaining that they were the children of the dead enemy and were going to continue the persecution. A careful check of the local death records, however, failed to throw any light on the identity of the "phantom" or his kin.

Not long ago another note was left at the Bunce farm. It said: "Move your family or we will get you sure." And Bunce, watching his antagonists exchanged shots whenever he couldn't see. The glass in his front door was shattered.

He moved his family back into the town of Rice Lake and left his stock and farming equipment at auction. He has about given up hope of getting away from his invisible enemies or of ever finding out who they are.

George Bunce, the Wisconsin Farmer Showing the Photographer How His Mysterious Enemy Left Him Chained.

The Bunce Home Near Rice Lake, Which for Seven Years Has Been Visited by Sinister Enemies of the Farmer, and in Which Threatening Notes Were Constantly Found.



Front Door of the House Showing the Glass Shattered by Bullets.

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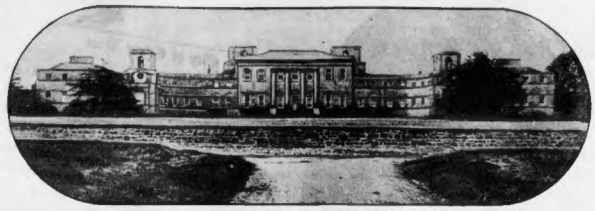
Jolly Lord Langford, British Peer, Who Doesn't Dare Come Home

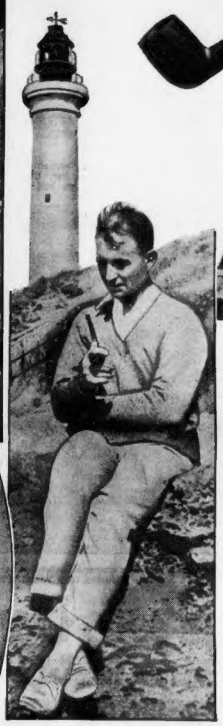
Carelessly Married Another Wife in Australia While He Still Had One in London—and Can't Be Bothered With Castles and Estates and Titles



The Famous Summerhill House (Now in Ruins), One of Lord Langford's Estates Which He Has Recently Fallen Heir to in Ireland, but Which Do Not Interest Him at All.

Her Ladyship, the "Peeress Waitress," Left Behind Without Funds When Her Husband Started on His Curious Travels Around the World Without Her.

Wedding Photograph of Lord Langford With His Dublin Bride, Whom He Left Behind in England and Who Is Still Living. Lord Langford Has Recently Acquired Another Wife in Australia, Thus Making Two Lady Langfords.



Lord Langford at a Seaside Place in Australia, Whose Address He Tried to Keep Secret, and He Was Disgusted When the Reporters Discovered Him.

The Weather-Beaten Face of Lord Langford, Who Has Recently Fallen Heir to Large Estates in Ireland, Which He Inherited From His Uncle, Baron Langford, Who Died Recently. His Lordship Disappeared From England Four Years Ago. He Shipped on a Tramp Steamer, Working His Way to Canada and Leaving Behind His Bride. Lady Langford, Having No Source of Income, Took a Job as a Waitress in a Strand Underground Restaurant in London, Where She Is Called "The Peeress Waitress." His Lordship and Her Ladyship Were Known as Mr. and Mrs. C. W. T. Rowley

MELBOURNE, Australia.

"YOUR uncle is dead and you are the heir, the seventh Lord Langford. Congratulations!"

A sharp-eyed newspaperman of Melbourne seized a rather shabby-looking laborer working on a sheep ranch and excitedly broke the good news to him. The whole world had been hunting for the missing heir since last January when the sixth Lord Langford died in the Island of Corsica, famous as the birthplace of Napoleon.

Englishmen are celebrated for "taking their pleasures sadly," but the way this forty-four-year-old working man, in these hard times, took his good fortune was a little too much. This man, who up to that time had been shearing sheep and killing ticks under the name of plain Mr. Rowley, admitted his identity, but instead of throwing his hat in the air and turning a handspring, he answered gloomily:

"Yes, I expected somebody would find me some day."

"Aren't you glad to be found?" asked the shocked reporter. "Don't you want the estates and honors and titles and to sit in the House of Peers and help govern Great Britain?"

"I don't mind that, it is what goes with it," replied the brand-new Lord.

"You mean the pomp and ceremony, the flattery and society stuff?" suggested the reporter.

"No, I mean, er—yes," answered the unenthusiastic nobleman. "Of course, that is what I mean," and he resumed his work of dipping sheep.

Such a democratic young Lord who prefers laborious work in Australia to the soft and exalted job of a Peer of the Realm startled the Australian papers. They were full of the marvel and cabled the story to London, with a description of his equally unassuming wife, now seventh Baroness of Langford and whom he had married in Australia. But London cabled back chiding their correspondents at the bottom of the world for inaccuracy. There could not be any Australian Baroness because the new Lord Langford already had one wife, an Irish girl.

"You are wrong," answered Australia. "His first wife is dead."

There was a long pause while the great London dailies investigated. It was most unlikely that they would be mistaken, yet it was equally serious and improbable that an English Lord would be guilty of bigamy, a thing that had happened only once in English history, when the noble offender, Lord Russell, went to prison for it. Finally came London's crushing reply:

"We are not wrong. The seventh Baroness of Langford is alive and working in a tea room in the Strand. Marriage certificate, priest, witnesses and photographs all verified."

"So this is what you meant by 'what goes with it,'" the Baron's discoverer said as he showed the cablegram to His Lordship.

Lord Langford admitted that he had feared it, but claimed that it was an honest mistake made because certain dear friends in England had written him that his wife there was dead.

"I suppose I'll have to face it though," he added, "but not just now. I wish you hadn't found me."

When the news of the two Lady Langfords was published the Australians who had been loud in their praises of this Englishman who preferred hard labor in their country to a soft seat in the House of Lords, changed their minds and demanded that he be prosecuted for bigamy just like any common person. But the local authorities found a legal snag in the way. According to law, a British subject can only be tried before a jury of his peers In Lord Langford's case this would mean a jury of Peers of the Realm and that the trial must be held in the House of Lords in London.

It was doubtful if the Baron could be forced to go home and stand trial there and certainly not unless England asked for him. So they asked His Lordship if he was thinking of going to see to his titles and estates. The Baron smiled faintly and shook his head.

"Not just at present," he told them.

Considering the frequent escapades of Lords and their Ladies one might suppose that a jury of these Peers of the Realm would deal rather leniently with this bit of matrimonial carelessness, but Lord Langford knows better. This conservative old body is a great stickler for certain things and one of them is matrimony. A member may appear at each session of the House of Lords with a new wife and be congratulated but he must be legally divorced from all his previous ones.

How fussy they are on that point is shown by the case of the late Lord Russell who obtained a quick divorce in America while his wife was bringing a similar and slower one in England. Then he married an American woman and returned to his native land. This offense was, at worst, a technical one and an ordinary court would hardly have convicted him, and if convicted he would have gotten off with a mild censure.

Lord Russell pleaded guilty before the House of Lords to technical and unintentional bigamy but, to his dismay, was forced to serve three months in prison. Lord Langford, no doubt, realizes that his chances would be better before a jury of a dozen Australian working men, like himself, but these are no longer his peers. Unfortunately he not only has the right to be tried by Peers of the Realm but he cannot waive that right.

The present Baron grew up in expectation of inheriting the title, the broad acres in Ireland and the splendid 100-room mansion of Summerhill House. That expectation seems to have ruined him. Instead of going into business as would an ordinary young man with a very small inheritance, he waited around for his uncle to die. After serving in the World War, he found himself at the age of 31 with very little money and no training to earn any.

Until 1920, he was permitted to live humbly with the caretakers in a wing of Summerhill House, County Meath, Ireland. But during that year there was one of the Irish "rebellions," and a party of rebels broke into the place while both the sixth Lord Langford and his heir were away.

They poured kerosene along the great halls and staircase and set fire to the building. The ancient mansion in which many generations of Lords and Ladies of Langford had entertained royally, and all its priceless furniture and tapestries was a blazing furnace, leaving only the stout stone walls. Thus it remains today a ruin in the midst of its vast hunting lands

Though it is unlikely that anyone will be found rich enough to rebuild and refurnish Summerhill, its lands are valuable. The Irish Government is breaking up the great Irish estates into little farms and paying the owners at least part of what the land is worth, which would be a large fortune in this case.

With the destruction of the Langford ancestral seat, young Clotworthy Wellington Thomas Edward Rowley lost the roof over his head and his prospects became more discouraging. It looked as if the uncle would live forever and meanwhile his own small inheritance dwindled. This was not a very promising time to marry, but in 1922 he fell in love with Miss Florence Eileen Shiel, a pretty young Dublin girl, and became a Catholic in order to wed her. The bride did not understand that the heir of the Meath estates had barely enough for one to live on and happily looked forward to the time when he would rebuild Summerhill and she would entertain nobility there as the seventh Baroness of the line.

She now is unquestionably that personage, but the nearest approach to entertaining she has achieved, so far, is to serve tea and buns in a little underground shop in the Strand in London, thankful for an occasional sixpence tip. However, her happy-go-lucky husband took her on a honeymoon to London where they lived rather expensively for a few months.

Then one day, out of a blue sky, the careless man came home and announced that it was all over. The future peeress thought he meant that the uncle had at last died and that they had come into their titles and estates. She threw her arms around his neck joyfully, but that was not it. He explained that they had spent his last pound and next day he was bound on a cattleboat for Canada to seek his fortune.

If he ever found it he would let her know. Meanwhile, she would have to support herself as best she could. After the boat had left, Mrs. Rowley discovered that she was to become a mother. Meanwhile, she obtained a position as a sales clerk, holding it till the birth of a boy, who would in time be the eighth Lord Langford if he had not died after a few months. Mrs. Rowley then found work in the humble tea room where she still is.

Arrived in Canada, the future Baron found no demand for an elegant gentleman who knew nothing about farming or skilled labor. Among his accomplishments, however, was a well-trained but not naturally very remarkable voice. For a while he managed to make a living on a singing tour that eventually left him stranded in the far North.

It was trapping season and the Eskimos offered him food, lodging in their smoky little huts and a few pennies pay to help them catch the silver fox. For months he lived on meat and blubber, under conditions as low as those of the stone age. From there he wandered south, riding freight trains to any place that promised work and degenerated into a hobo, with just enough occasional jobs to keep him going.

Whenever he reached a large town he visited the library, reading the newspaper files to see if that uncle had passed away. He had not, but the Langford fortune like those of most others in England was dwindling and had caused the sixth Baron to live in Cornica where a special tax arrangement with France makes champagne and other wines cheaper than any other place in the world.

Finding that Canada offered no future to a future peer and direct descendant of Niallus, the renowned 127th King of Ireland, he stowed away on a tramp steamer bound for Australia and worked his passage. All this time there was nothing pleasant to write his wife so he hardly ever did, and rarely heard from her. In Australia he made the belated discovery that it paid to know something about some kind of useful work and gradually gained experience in the various chores on sheep ranches. After that he managed to eat regularly and no longer had to be a tramp between jobs.

Occasionally he picked up a little extra money by singing and in this way met Gertrude Anderson Summerhayes, a violinist, and by falling in love with her discovered that he no longer loved his wife. Not having heard from Mrs. Rowley in a long time he wrote to some "very dear friends" in England and learned, he says, that she was dead. Mrs. Summerhayes was a divorcee, capable of earning her own living with the fiddle. Therefore, Rowley decided he might as well be married as the way he was and in June, 1929, he wedded Gertrude at Elsterwick, Australia.

It seems that somehow he learned later that like his uncle, his first wife had been disobligingly slow about dying and that his second marriage was premature. When last January the aged gentleman had drunk his last bottle of champagne, his heir read the news and dared do nothing about it. The new Lord Langford says he sticks by his second wife and wants her to be the genuine and only Lady Langford, but his wishes will have nothing to do with the matter The tea-room waitress is the real Baroness in the eyes of the law.

The title of Lord Langford was created in 1800. The first Lord was a younger son of the Earl of Bective, very important noblemen. The Langfords belonged to the set of Anglo-Irish nobility who ruled Ireland at that time and were extremely important in English politics. They increased their wealth when they promoted the disastrous parliamentary union between England and Ireland, after which most of the Irish landlords left Ireland with their money and spent it elsewhere.

The first Lord Langford was a relation of the great Duke of Wellington, a relationship which is commemorated in the name of the Australian wanderer —Clotworthy Wellington Thomas Edward Rowley, Lord Langford.

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Why "Billy" Has A License To Chase Every Cat in Town

THE tabby cats of Cedar Vale, Kansas, are having a hard time of it since the city fathers, in sober council assembled, drew up and affixed their signatures to a document which makes "Billy," a fox-terrier and a chronic cat-chaser, a privileged character.

Whatever "Billy" does is all right with the citizens of Cedar Vale. He can spend his days in the pursuit of enemy felines and in scratching the blooms out of well-kept flower beds. Every housewife has a bone or a piece of meat ready for a chance back-yard visit by "Billy" and traffic stops when the dog chooses to cross some busy thoroughfare in his unhampered browsings about the community.

And that's not all. "Billy," who is the property of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Barris, practically owns Cedar Vale. He is a full-fledged member of the fire department and gets his share of all the benefits and payments enjoyed by the community's fire fighters. He lives in Cedar Vale's tax-free and the city treasurer will pay "Billy's" county tax as long as the dog lives. This fox-terrier lives the pleasantest "dog's life" of any canine in America.

No one, except perhaps the other dogs in the Kansas community, objects to the extraordinary freedom allowed "Billy" because, if it hadn't been for his alertness and persistence, it is more than likely that Cedar Vale would be a sorry mess of charred ruins and starkly standing chimneys instead of the bustling little city it is.

"Billy" rose from the status of ordinary dog to the realm of heroism the night a restaurant in the business section of Cedar Vale caught fire. He saw the red glare of the flames through a window of the Barris home and began to bark as he never had barked before. His master awakened and shouted at the dog to keep quiet. "Billy" ignored the command. He whined and howled and scratched on the bedroom door. When Mr. Barris leaped out of his warm bed to teach the dog a lesson in nightime behavior he, too, saw the reflection of the flames on the wall.

"I looked out of the window," said Mr. Barris, "and saw that there was a big fire up town. A high north wind was blowing and before I called the fire department the flames were leaping high in the air. Bits of burning debris were flying through the air and landing on other buildings for a distance of seven or eight blocks. My own roof caught on fire three times."

The Cedar Vale fire department arrived at the scene just in time and battled the flames for several hours. Scores of citizens were up on their roofs with buckets and hoses extinguishing the flying embers as fast as they landed. It seemed for a time that the battle was useless and that most of the buildings in the city would be destroyed.

Just as the flames were brought under control, the water pressure, unusually low because of drought conditions, petered out. Hard-working bucket brigades finally succeeded in finishing the job.

When the excitement had died down, the story of how the fire was discovered got about the city and the members of the fire department started a movement to honor "Billy" officially for his alertness and his extraordinary service to the community. Everyone in Cedar Vale enthusiastically approved of the agitation to reward the fox-terrier and they wanted their appreciation really to be useful to "Billy."

They learned that, although he was anything but a vicious dog, his favorite amusement was chasing cats. So they removed the usual restrictions of canine existence and said that "Billy" might henceforth chase their cats and everybody else's.

And to make this privilege even more enjoyable for "Billy," they, through an official edict of the mayor and his council, fixed things so that the popular pup could indulge in his cat-chasing not only free from taxes, but actually at a salary. He is a member in good standing of the fire department and as such collects his pay.

City of Cedar Vale
Cedar Vale, Kansas. January 16, 1933
BE IT RESOLVED THAT IN APPRECIATION OF THE GOOD
WORK DONE BY BILLY, FOX TERRIER DOG, OWNED BY MR. AND MRS.
M. J. BARRIS IN GIVING THE ALARM WHICH SAVED CEDARVALE FROM
A MOST DISASTROUS FIRE AND POSSIBLE DESTRUCTION, THE MAYOR
AND CITY COUNCIL OF CEDARVALE HEREBY MAKE BILLY AN HONORARY
MEMBER OF THE CEDARVALE FIRE FIGHTING FORCE AND AS SUCH HE
WILL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF RESIDING IN CEDARVALE HENCEFORTH
FREE OF TAX AND IN ADDITION WILL BE ENTITLED TO RECEIVE ALL
OTHER BENEFITS AND PAYMENTS DUE THE MEMBERS OF THAT FORCE.
BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED THAT BILLY WILL BE
BY THIS RESOLUTION, EXTENDED THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CITY.
Fred Holroyd, Mayor

"Billy," the Dog That Saved Cedar Vale, Kansas, From a Disastrous Fire, and His Mistress, Mrs. M. J. Barris. The Dog Has Been Made a Member of the Fire Department and Given the Privileges of the City, Which Means That He Can Chase Cats to His Canine Heart's Content.

"Billy" Is Privileged by This Document to Draw Also a Regular Salary in Addition to Being Accorded Every Privilege of Cedar Vale.

Resort Features "Human Vampire"

ONE of the most popular attractions at Luna Park, an amusement place on the outskirts of Bucharest, Roumania, is "The House of Chills and Thrills." Inside this house are dark mazes full of mechanical ghosts that moan and shriek, and luminous skeletons that dance in the gloom and click their fleshless jaws together. Fearsome monsters that never existed on land or sea snort flame through their nostrils and blink blood-red electric eyes in the murk.

To symbolize the brand of "chills and thrills" to be experienced on a visit within, the entrance to the building is decorated by what the owners of the park advertise as the "human vampire," shown in the photograph at the right. Legends of the blood-sucking vampire bat are numerous in Roumanian folk-lore and everyone who visits the park goes to see this monster bat with the face of an attractive girl.

The illusion is startling, but, of course, the young woman is a contortionist, and her body is concealed inside the wings in the front of which is a hole just large enough for her to put her face through. Sometimes the "human vampire" silently regards the crowd gathered in front of the "House of Chills and Thrills" and at other times the wings of the giant bat sweep realistically back and forth while the incongruously beautiful lips of the hybrid let out piercing shrieks. Once in awhile the "human vampire" lapses into conversation to describe the exciting experiences to be encountered within.

In Luna Park, Bucharest, the Management Features, at the Entrance of One of Its Buildings, This Remarkable Illusion of a Vampire With a Human Head.

Wealthy Cat, 19, Dead

MITZI, for many years the first feline citizen of Los Angeles and the richest cat in the world, is dead. Her demise, at the age of 19, occasioned more comment than the passing of many a human being, and she was solemnly laid to rest beneath the shade of an orange tree, as stipulated in the will of her late mistress, Dr. Maude Cain.

It was this will that made Mitzi the most fortunate cat on earth. By its terms the pampered pet of Dr. Cain—a thoroughbred Blue Persian—was bequeathed a trust fund of $15,000 and the Cain mansion. Mitzi was entrusted to the care of Miss Pauline Gootze and, among other luxuries and comforts, was to have "unlimited portions of liver," her favorite dish.

Mitzi was a very old lady, as the normal feline span of life is computed, but it is thought that she might have lived a year or two longer had she not been allowed to indulge in such quantities of rich food. She passed away in the arms of her caretaker, who immediately summoned a veterinary to hold a post-mortem examination. The veterinary reported that the world's wealthiest cat was actually and legally dead and that she had died from natural causes.

A few days later the Probate Court appraised the value of Mitzi's estate which, by the terms of Dr. Cain's will, now passes into the possession of Otelia Kuschke, a resident of Los Angeles.

Climbed to Top of Capitol's Dome to Kiss Uncle Sam's "Wife"

THIS is the year that Washingtonians enjoy the thrill of seeing Uncle Sam's "Wife," better known as the "Statue of Freedom" and erroneously called "The Goddess of Liberty," get her public and quadrennial bath.

The Lady in question is 19 feet tall and weighs 15,000 pounds. Since 1863 she has stood atop the dome of the Capitol, symbolizing by her helmet and her breastplate that freedom is something worth fighting for.

It is impossible for residents of the Capital to think of Uncle Sam's "Wife" without thinking of the one man who had the audacity to scale the great dome of the Capitol and bestow a respectful kiss upon her cold, bronze lips. His name is Albert Ports.

For 35 years Ports was a rigger at the Capitol and it was his job to oversee the precarious bathing of the "Statue of Freedom" once every four years. He directed the building of the scaffolding atop the great dome and saw to it that the bronze lady was given a thorough cleansing with soap and water.

Eight years ago Albert Ports was smitten with a desire to kiss the 19-foot woman on her foot-wide lips, not because he felt any real affection for her, but because of the distinction that would come to him as the first man to take such liberties with the figure humorously known in the Capital and elsewhere as Uncle Sam's "Wife." He realized his ambition.

Ports is not a superstitious man and he is, or was, well-nigh nerveless. He felt as much at home on the flimsy scaffolding nearly 300 feet above ground as he did sitting safely on the broad steps of the Capitol. But he admits, today, that perhaps it would have been just as well if he hadn't got the idea in his head that he wanted to kiss the Statue of Freedom.

For, four years later, while he was helping a workman lay a plank about level with the shoulders of the statue, it swayed slightly in the wind. The ladder on which Ports was standing tipped backwards and he fell to the balcony many feet below, narrowly escaping a descent down the curving dome of the Capitol and all the way to the ground.

As it was he suffered a broken leg, a broken arm and a dislocated shoulder. The accident made him a bit hesitant of climbing about in high places and when he was discharged from the hospital he said that he never would lay a brush, or bestow a kiss, on Uncle Sam's "Wife" again.

Ports is not sure whether the bronze lady was angry with him or not for his impudence, but he is satisfied that he embraced her once and that, after kissing her, he etched his name on the heavy, be-starred rim of her coronet. There are only three other names on there—Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Crawford and M. G. Meigs.

Lincoln was President of the United States at the time the "Statue of Freedom" was put in place. Thomas Crawford was the sculptor who designed the statue, and Meigs was one of the architects of the Capitol. With the exception of Ports', the other names were inscribed on the coronet of the figure while it was still on terra firma.

Albert Ports, Photographed Just After He Had Implanted the First Kiss on the Bronze Lips of "Freedom," the Statue Atop the Capitol at Washington.

Kissing Uncle Sam's "Wife" Proved a Perilous Experience. The Photo Shows Albert Ports Perched on a Ladder, Ready to Embrace the Big Statue.

Thomas Crawford, the sculptor of Uncle Sam's "Wife," did not live to see his heroic figure of Liberty erected atop the dome of the National Capitol. When he designed the statue it was the ambition of his life to see his artistic creation shining in the sun above the halls of government, but he was stricken blind in 1856 and died a year later in London at the peak of his fame and ability.

The task of putting the "Statue of Freedom" in its high place was even more dangerous and difficult than the quadrennial job of giving it a bath of soap and water. Engineers in the time of Lincoln thought it unwise to attempt to hoist a 15,000-pound statue nearly 300 feet in the air, so the figure was cast in several sections which were hoisted to the peak of the huge dome one at a time and assembled by skilful workmen.

Sculptor Crawford, besides designing the colossal statue that graces the dome of the Capitol, also was commissioned to design the huge bronze doors of the building and the sculptural groups that decorate the pediment of the structure. The huge figures on the pediment symbolize the progress of civilization and the smaller bas-reliefs on the bronze portals depict the important episodes in the life of Christopher Columbus. Crawford died before he completed the models for the doors, which were finished by W. H. Rinehart.

Because Uncle Sam's "Wife" is made entirely of metal, she is the victim of at least three or four attacks by lightning every year. Only once, however, has an electrical bolt done her any injury and that was since her last bath when some of the tips of her coronet were knocked off. These will be replaced during this year's bath.

The reason that the statue has not been seriously marred by lightning is found in the costly network of lightning rods that run from her huge crown down her body and all the way to the ground. These are made of gold, silver and platinum and are changed for a new set every time "Liberty" is bathed.

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Science Explains Why Fat People Are Good Natured

Experiments Show That Explosions of Anger or Worry Burn Up the Fats Stored in the Body and Thus Nervous, Irritable, Emotional Individuals Are Usually Thin, While Those of Serene, Amiable Temperament Are Likely to Accumulate Weight

IT is a matter of common observation that "fat people are good natured"—but the real truth is that good natured people are fat. In this world nothing happens without a reason and scientists have been examining into this well-known phenomenon of fat and amiability. Some curious facts have recently been established.

The human machine is made up of countless billions of little cells and it is the special duty of some of these body cells to store up fat. And it also is known that one of the glands of the human body is a factory for making a chemical called adrenalin—and adrenalin when injected into the blood stirs up the fat cells and induces them to discharge into the blood stream increased amounts of fat.

Working along the line of experimentation with the blood and adrenalin and the increased fat content of the blood, some interesting tests were made. What stirs up the adrenal glands to discharge exact amounts of adrenalin into the blood? Dr. Harold E. Himwich and Dr. J. A. Fulton, of Yale University, decided to find out. They put a cat in a cage and a dog in another cage and then moved the cages close together. The dog immediately became excited and tried to get at the cat, but the cage kept him away, which made the dog very angry. At the same time the cat became badly frightened—she was not sure that the dog's cage would keep the snapping, struggling, barking enemy at a safe distance.

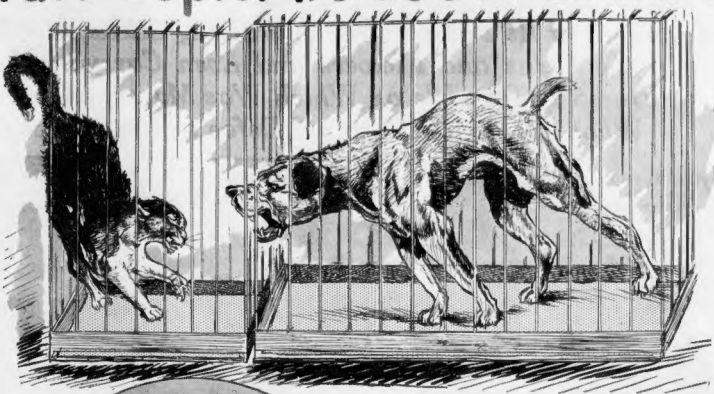
After a few minutes of this fear on the part of the cat and rage on the part of the dog, blood samples were taken from each of the animals and analyzed. As the scientists had expected might be the case, much more than the normal amounts of fat were found in the blood samples from both animals.

Both fear and rage caused rapid increases in the amount of fat circulating in the blood, the investigators found. There is only one place for this fat to come from; it must be some of the fat that is stored in the fat cells. Their emotional experience must have made both the cat and the dog a little thinner, for the fat set free into the blood probably was used up promptly by both animals to supply a part of the bodily energy during their excitement. If the two subjects of the experiment had been a fat angry man in one cage and a fat but frightened woman in the other, both would probably have experienced the same increase of the fat in the blood and the same removal of a corresponding amount of fat from its usual storage places underneath the skin.

The obvious application of all this to human beings is that a fit of rage may take off more fat than an hour's hard exercise or two or three days of enforced diet. For a thin person, one recipe for getting fat is never to get angry. For a fat person, on the other hand, the "anger cure" might be worth trying. Too bulky ladies might provide themselves with something which would make them good and mad or greatly terrify them for an hour or so and thus lose a few pounds of fat stored in their tissues and set loose into the blood stream by adrenalin and burned up during their strong emotions of anger or fear.

The Yale scientists report that fear and danger seem to work about equally in causing this loss of fat from the body. The thing that is effective is any strong emotion, not necessarily either fear or rage, it is probable.

This explains at once why it is that most of the fat people are relatively good natured. By some reason of temperament these individuals are relatively easy going. They do not "get mad" easily. They are not easily frightened. Accordingly, no great drain of fat from the tissues is called forth by these emotions. If fat absorbed from the food gets stored around the body somewhere it stays there. Thus naturally good natured, easy going people tend, other things equal, to get fat.



The Blood Content of a Peaceful House Cat and the Neighbor's Dog Were Examined While Each of the Animals Were Serene in Their Homes. They Were Then Put in Cages and Moved Close Together. The Dog Set Up His Usual Hullabaloo and Grew Angrier and Angrier as He Found the Cat Was Just Out of Reach of His Eager Jaws. The Cat Shrank to the Back of the Cage in Terror, Not Certain That the Bars Would Continue to Restrain Her Old Enemy. The Blood of Each Animal Was Then Tested and It Was Found to Contain Abnormal Amounts of Fat—The Cat's Fear and the Dog's Anger Had Just About Equally Discharged Into the Blood Stream the Fat Supplies of Their Bodies.

Sarah Bernhardt, Perhaps the Greatest Emotional Actress of Modern Times, Was So Notably Thin That Stage Hands Sometimes Joked About the Danger of Her Falling Through a Crack Between the Boards of the Floor.

Intense Anger, and How the Muscles of the Face Are Strained by This Emotion.

Fear, and How the Features Are Distorted by That Emotion.

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Things are different with the intense, emotional people who get angry easily and often are called temperamental. These individuals, everyone knows, are more likely to be thin than fat. The Yale experiments explain why this is so. No fat can be stored for very long in the bodies of these persons. No sooner has a little fat been accumulated somewhere than a fit of rage or other strong emotion comes along and the fat is called out into the blood, just as it was in the bodies of the dog and cat in the Yale laboratories. Thus any start toward fatness is ended before it really begins.

This explains, too, the fact that very timid people are likely to be weak and thin, as well as the very temperamental people; something always explained previously by the idea that people thin and weak from illness are likely to be timid and that this illness, in reality, is the cause of their timidity. The facts make it seem much more probable that the timidity is the thing that these individuals start with and that the thinness and weakness are results of the drain on the system caused by too frequent attacks of emotional fear.

There are bound to be exceptions in the application of either of these rules, the scientists admit. To be really very fat a person must eat a great deal of food. People with very small appetites are unlikely to get fat no matter how good natured and easy going they may be. On the other hand, some individuals may have so great a natural tendency to get fat or may be so glutonous in their eating habits that they will get fat and stay fat in spite of frequent spells of fear or anger. Their fat probably wastes away during emotional spells just as it does in normal individuals, but these exceptional persons fatten again so easily that the wastage is made up at once and they get no thinner.

Science recognizes that in youth or early life the fatness or thinness of the body may have no significance as to the temperament of the individual. A thin body may be the result of immature development or a result caused by deliberate undernourishment. There is also a tendency for the body to take on weight with mature years. Sarah Bernhardt, perhaps the greatest emotional actress of modern times, remained thin to the end of her days—a very high-strung, emotional person who burned up her stores of fat as fast as they were stored.

The new ideas do explain, however, the long standing puzzle of why some relatively small eaters get fat while others who habitually eat much more stay thin or even get thinner. The fat people, it is probable, are those whose emotions are slow or well under control. Only a small amount of food is needed to keep them going and any fat which is stored in the body is left alone. The people who stay thin no matter how much they eat probably represent, on the other hand, individuals whose emotions master them not infrequently, so that any accumulated fat is removed and wasted.

No one imagines that this is all that there is to the scientific explanation of bodily fatness and thinness. It has been proved, for example, that some apparently fat people do not have bodies bulged out with real fat at all. What these people have stored in their tissues is merely water, and this watery fatness can be reduced in a few days by suitable medical treatment. Others of the glands besides the adrenal probably influence fatness also, for the extremely fat individuals who become freaks in sideshows are believed to be suffering from definite disease of the glands.

Among ordinary cases of fatness and thinness, however, the new discoveries promise to explain the majority of the instances in which small eaters get paradoxically fat and large eaters stay thin.

The new discoveries fit well, too, with much that is already known about the evolution of man and of human emotions. Fear and anger are very primitive emotions. Even the lowliest animals feel them and it is necessary that they should, for fear is what makes both animals and man run away from enemies too powerful and dangerous to fight, and rage is what makes all kinds of creatures fight when it is necessary or when that is the best thing to do. Years ago Professor W. B. Cannon of Harvard discovered the remarkable way in which the adrenal glands and the same adrenalin used in the fat tests work to aid animals or men in fighting or running away when these activities are necessary.

If an animal is frightened, Dr. Cannon found, some adrenalin is discharged into the blood stream from the adrenal glands, just as though this substance had been injected artificially. This adrenalin in the blood then causes a number of significant changes in the body. The heart begins to beat faster; the breathing also quickens; the blood is taken away from the skin and the skin becomes pale. Later on, this distribution of the blood may be reversed so that the blood comes back to the skin. Thus a person may be either pale or flushed as the result of anger, or may be both in turn.

The adrenalin set free into the blood by these emotions also has a significant effect on the liver. One of the duties of that organ is to store a supply of a material called glycogen, derived from the starch or sugar in the food. This glycogen is a quick and powerful food for the tiny living fibres that make up the muscles. When the adrenalin begins to circulate in the blood this is a signal to the liver to set free immediately a part of its stored glycogen, so that the muscles of the body have an immediately increased food supply.

Dr. Cannon and others have pointed out that it is easy to see that all these changes would be very useful to an animal or a man under conditions of nature. The extra supply of glycogen from the liver provides the quick and ample food that the muscles will need if there is to be a vigorous fight or if the legs are to be exercised violently in running away. The re-distribution of the blood is probably a device not only to supply the muscles with a better blood supply but perhaps also to prevent the loss of too much blood from surface wounds which may be received in the coming fray. Certainly the quickened heart beat and breathing will have the effect of providing more blood and more oxygen to the muscles that soon will be compelled to do violent work.

In Youth or Early Life the Fatness or Thinness of the Body May Have No Significance as to the Temperament of the Individual. The Bodily Figure May Be a Matter of Immature Development or the Result of Deliberate Undernourishment.

The new facts that Dr. Himwich and Dr. Fulton have discovered about the relations of these same emotions and this same adrenalin to fat instead of to glycogen reinforce the former conclusions. The body really uses two foods to supply the energy that it needs. One of these is sugar, usually in the form of grape sugar or dextrose. The other one is fat. The third chemical constituent of the foods, called protein and present chiefly in meat, probably is very little used to keep up the bodily energy but is needed to keep muscles and other organs in repair; for these are really nothing but human "meat" and are composed of the same chemical elements as the proteins in the food.

Sugar or glycogen in the blood act as very quick foods for the muscles, scientists believe. That is why the glycogen is poured out by the liver in times of danger, when muscle food must be provided before there could possibly be time for any kind of food to be eaten and absorbed from the stomach. This is the reason, too, why a teaspoonful of sugar or an equal amount of syrup, swallowed with some water, is so quick and effective a stimulant when one is very tired. The sugar is absorbed relatively rapidly and provides quick food for tired muscles and nerves.

Fat, on the other hand, seems to play its chief role in the body as a relatively slow food, which sustains the bodily energy after the quick stimulation by sugar is over. That probably is why nature stores food in the body mainly as fat instead of as sugar. In times of famine or other long-continued stress, fat is a better food material to have available than is the quick acting, easily exhausted sugar.

The new discovery that fat from the fat cells here and there in the body is discharged into the blood by fear or rage, just as the quicker-acting glycogen is discharged at the same time from the liver, probably indicates an attempt of Nature to provide both kinds of foods, the quick and the slow, for any emergency that may develope. If the excited animal needs to fight another animal very actively and suddenly, the quick-acting glycogen provides food supply for the suddenly overtaxed muscles. If the fight comes out so that the animal needs to run away and to keep on running with great endurance for as long a time as possible, the supply of fat has been mobilized in the blood stream also, so that this slow-acting but persistent food will be available as well.

Nor have Nature's precautions ended with this. There may be some individuals, both among animals and human beings, who will have no large store of glycogen in the liver. Others, perhaps, will have no fat to spare. These handicaps Nature has arranged are not necessarily fatal. If there is glycogen or sugar in the body but no fat, the needed fat is created in the body by some chemical reaction which human chemists cannot yet duplicate, but which is known to occur. Similarly, if an individual has plenty of fat but little or none of the quick-acting sugar and glycogen, some of the fat is converted, by some other mysterious and unknown chemical reaction, into the deficient glycogen. That these conversion reactions actually occur in animal or human bodies was proved recently by Dr. John R. Murlin of the University of Rochester, although the exact place and way that the conversions happen are still mysterious.

In all these bodily arrangements about food for the muscles and organs, like the careful arrangement which the commander of a battleship makes to take hot food and coffee to his men during a sea battle, the signals that start off and control Nature's bodily food department seem to be chiefly the emotions. Possible that was the reason for the beginnings of emotion in the course of animal evolution. Perhaps that is why emotions still have such powerful bodily effects. And perhaps these emotional reactions now can be put to use to make thin people fatter or fat thinner by persuading them to get mad or afraid more seldom or more often.

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Souvenir Hunters Turning "Robinson Crusoe's" Isle into a Desert

Stripping It of Its Palms to Make Walking Sticks, Mutilating Its Trees, Tearing Up the Ferns and Flowers and Even Carrying Away the Lobsters From the Tiny Isle on Which Was Marooned Alexander Selkirk, Whose Privations Inspired Defoe's Masterpiece of Fiction

Alexander Fraser's Painting of Robinson Crusoe Reading the Bible to His Man Friday. But Selkirk Saw No Cannibals on His Island and Makes No Mention of His Faithful Man Friday. And He Had No Rope, Table Cover, Canvas, Nor Even a Cask to Store Water in. And Instead of Raising a Flock of Tame Goats, Selkirk Had to Outrun the Wild Goats on the Island and Capture One When He Needed Meat.

Photograph of One of the Beaches on Robinson Crusoe's Island as It Looks Today.

Captain Woodes Rogers, With His Son, in the Peaceful Retirement of Comfortable Old Age and Wealth. From an Engraving by W. Skelton After the Painting by Hogarth.

"Robinson Crusoe" From an Old Woodcut. Alexander Selkirk, the Original of "Robinson Crusoe," Did Dress Very Much Like This, But He Never at Any One Time Had More Than One Musket.

WHEN the Pan-American Commercial Congress meets in Washington this October, "Robinson Crusoe's Island," as the little isle of Juan Fernandez, in the South Pacific, off the coast of Chile, is called, will be brought to the attention of international travelers as a place they should not fail to visit.

At the same time, legislation to protect the island from souvenir hunting tourists, who are rapidly turning it into a desert, is being prepared by the Chilean Government. It appears that a surprising number of English and American travelers already make excursion trips to the tiny isle, and that they mutilate the palms and other trees through their desire to carry away trophies. This is particularly true, according to the Chilean journal, El Mercurio, of the chonta palm and the sandalwood tree, which have become almost extinct. The chonta palm makes a fine walking-stick and the sandalwood has a pleasant odor.

But the tourists also carry away any bit of vegetation that strikes their fancy, tearing up the ferns and flowers and behaving generally in the way Sunday automobilists do in the country in the Spring, when, for example, a dogwood tree, which has taken years to grow, will be stripped of its boughs and left to die. It is complained that they even take lobsters and birds away as curios.

Adding to the difficulty, thrifty natives save many of the tourists the trouble of cutting the palms and trees by doing it themselves and working up the material into souvenirs of the very place where Daniel Defoe's immortal "Robinson Crusoe" spent his exile.

Chileans who wish to have the island preserved as a literary and historical shrine, therefore view with alarm any plan greatly to increase the number of visitors before the protective measures are passed and wardens placed upon the island to curb the souvenir hunters.

Everybody, of course, has read "Robinson Crusoe," but very few know how much is fiction and how much is actual fact. It is common knowledge that a Scotchman named Alexander Selkirk was put ashore from an English vessel and marooned on the island of Juan Fernandez; that this man managed to live on the island for several years more or less as Robinson Crusoe did, and that he finally was rescued.

It happened that Captain Woodes Rogers, an ambitious young English mariner, set out to make a voyage around the world to survey the opportunities for British trade, and incidentally to seize any Spanish treasure ships that he might come across, for England was at war with Spain at the time. It was Captain Rogers who chanced to be in the latitude of Juan Fernandez Island early in the year 1709, and he decided to run in for an anchorage to rest his men, replenish his water casks and take on some fruit and cocoanuts. With overwhelming joy Alexander Selkirk, who had watched patiently nearly five years for a friendly ship, met the astonished Captain Rogers, his rescuer.

Captain Rogers was in command of two vessels—the Duke, of 320 tons, with a crew of 117 men and mounting thirty guns, and the Duchess, a slightly smaller ship of 260 tons, with a crew of 108 men and twenty-six guns. It was a curious coincidence that Captain Rogers took along with him as pilot of the South Seas a veteran navigator, Captain William Dampier. Dampier happened to have been on the very ship that put Selkirk on shore on the island five years before.

Captain Rogers kept a careful diary of everything that happened each day during his "long and fatiguing voyage" of over three years. This record has recently been published in England, and reveals that it was the first day of February, 1709, when Captain Rogers sighted the Island of Juan Fernandez with his little fleet of two ships. Just at dusk a boat's crew set off to make a landing on the island about a mile away, but were astonished and alarmed to see a light on the shore. They believed that there must be some Spanish ships in the harbor and cleared their decks for a fight.

Next day they cruised cautiously toward the shore, discovered no signs of any ships and finally sent a small boat with an armed crew to make a landing. The diary then goes on:

Feb. 2, 1709.—Immediately our Pinnace return'd from the shore, and brought abundance of Craw-fish, with a man cloth'd in Goat-Skins, who look'd wilder than the first Owners of them. He had been on the Island four Years and four months, being left there by Capt. Stradling in the Cinque Ports; his Name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch Man, who had been Master of the Cinque Ports, a Ship that came here last with Capt. Dampier, who told me that this was the best Man in her; so I immediately agreed with him to be a Mate on board our Ship.

'Twas he that made the Fire last night when he saw our Ships, which he judg'd to be English. During his stay here, he saw several Ships pass by, but only two came in to anchor. As he went to view them he found 'em to be Spaniards, and retir'd from 'em; upon which they shot at him. Had they been French, he would have submitted; but chose to risque his dying alone on the Island, rather than fall into the hands of the Spaniards in these parts, because he apprehended they would murder him, or make a Slave of him in the Mines, for he fear'd they would spare no Strangers that might be capable of discovering the South Sea.

The Spaniards had landed, before he knew what they were, and they came so near him that he had much ado to escape for they not only shot at him but pursu'd him into the Woods, where he climb'd to the top of a tree, at the foot of which they found water, and kill'd several Goats just by, but went off again without discovering him. He told us that he was born at Largs in the County of Fife in Scotland, and was bred a Sailor from his Youth.

The reason of his being left here was a difference betwixt him and his Captain; which, together with the ships being leaky, made him willing rather to stay here, than go along with him at first; and when he was at last willing, the Captain would not receive him. He had been in the Island before to wood and water, when two of the Ship's Company were left upon it for six Months till the ship return'd, being chased thence by two French South Sea Ships.

He had with him his Clothes and Bedding, with a Firelock, some Powder, Bullets, and Tobacco, a Hatchet, a Knife, a Kettle, a Bible, some practical Pieces, and his Mathematical Instruments and Books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could: but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against Melancholy, and the Terror of being left alone in such a desolate place.

He built two Hutts with Piemento Trees, cover'd them with long Grass, and lin'd them with the Skins of Goats, which he kill'd with his Gun as he wanted, so long as his Powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being near spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of Piemento Wood together upon his knee. In the lesser Hutt, at some distance from the other, he dress'd his Victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employ'd himself in reading, singing Psalms, and praying; so that he said he was a better Christian while in this Solitude than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again.

An Old Drawing of Robinson Crusoe Finding the Famous "Footprints in the Sand."

At first he never eat any thing till Hunger constrained him, partly for grief and partly for want of Bread and Salt; nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer; the Piemento Wood, which burn very clear, serv'd him both for Firing and Candle, and refresh'd him with its fragrant Smell.

He might have had Fish enough, but could not eat 'em for want of Salt, because they occasion'd an illness; except Crawfish, which are there as large as our Lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boil'd, and at other times broil'd, as he did his Goats Flesh, of which he made very good Broth, for they are not so rank as ours; he kept an account of 500 that he kill'd while there, and caught as many more, which he mark'd on the Ear and let go.

When the Powder fail'd, he took them by speed of foot, for his way of living and continual Exercise of walking and running clear'd him of all gross Humours, so that he ran with wonderful Swiftness thro the Woods and up the Rocks and Hills, as we perceiv'd when we employ'd him to catch Goats for us. We had a Bull-Dog, which we sent with several of our nimbleat Runners, to help him in catching Goats; but he distanc'd and tir'd both the Dog and the Men, catch'd the Goats, and brought 'em to us on his back.

He told us that his Agility in pursuing a Goat had once like to have cost him his Life; he pursu'd it with so much Eagerness that he catch'd hold of it on the brink of a Precipice, of which he was not aware, the Rushes having hid it from him; so that he fell with the Goat down the said Precipice a great height, and was so stun'd and bruis'd with the Fall, that he narrowly escap'd with his Life, and when he came to his Senses, found the Goat dead under him. He lay there about 24 hours, and was scarce able to crawl to his Hutt, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

He soon wore out all his shoes and Clothes by running thro the Woods; and at last being forc'd to shift without them, his Feet became so hard, that he run everywhere without annoyance; and it was some time before he could wear Shoes after we found him; for not being us'd to any so long, his Feet swell'd when he came first to wear 'em again.

After he had conquered his Melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes by cutting his Name on the Trees, and the Time of his being left and Continuance there. He was at first much pestered by Cats and Rats, that had bred in great numbers from some of each Species which had got ashore from Ships that put in there to wood and water. The Rats gnaw'd his Feet and Clothes while asleep, which obliged him to cherish the Cats with his Goats-flesh; by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon deliver'd him from the Rats.

He likewise tam'd some Kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his Cats: so that by the Care of Providence and Vigour of his Youth, being now but about 30 years old, he came at last to conquer all the Inconveniences of his Solitude, and to be very easy. When his Clothes wore out he made himself a Coat and Cap of Goat-Skins, which he stitch'd together with little Thongs of the same, that he cut with his Knife.

He had no other Needle but a Nail; and when his Knife was wore to the back, he made others as well as he could of some Iron Hoops that were left ashore, which he beat out thin and ground upon Stones. Having some Linen Cloth by him, he sow'd himself Shirts with a Nail, and stitch'd 'em with the Worsted of his old Stockings, which he pull'd out on purpose. He had his last Shirt on when we found him in the Island.

At first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his Language for want of Use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seem'd to speak his words by halves. We offer'd him a Dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but Water since his being there, and twas some time before he could relish our Victuals.

The Climate is so good, that the Trees and Grass are verdant all the Year. The Winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, there being only a small Frost and a little Hail, but sometimes great Rains. The Heat of the Summer is equally moderate, and there's not much Thunder or tempestuous Weather of any sort.

We may perceive by Mr. Selkirk the Truth of the Maxim, That Necessity is the Mother of Invention, since he found means to supply his Wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his Life, tho not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of all our Arts and Society.

Captain Rogers' diary then goes on with other adventures of his three-year around-the-world voyage, but no mention is made of many of the details of life which the novelist Defoe weaves around his hero in the fiction version of Selkirk's life on the island. If Selkirk had been visited by cannibals he would have been likely to mention it to Captain Rogers. There is nothing about the faithful man Friday and the ingenuity and resourcefulness of Robinson Crusoe in taming and breeding his goats, or developing his garden of vegetables and breadstuffs. Selkirk had no bread during all those years on the island.

Defoe, in his fascinating novel, had his hero shipwrecked, and this gave him an opportunity to rescue the varied outfit of tools and utilities which he made use of during his stay on the island. But Selkirk was set on shore and marooned, with a pitiful outfit, limited to a musket, a pound of powder, a few bullets, some tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a few mathematical instruments and books, and his Bible. Selkirk had no dog, and he seems strangely lacking in resourcefulness not to have supplied himself with salt from the sea water.

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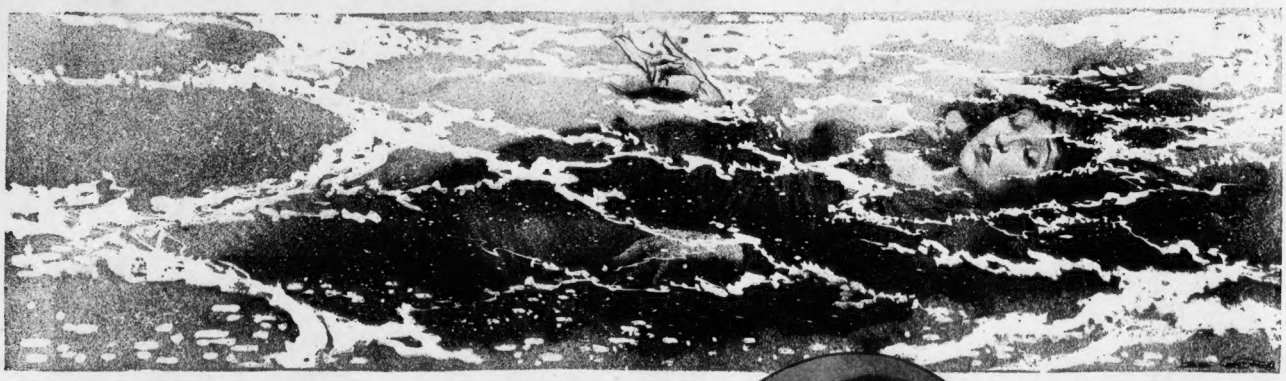
Her Dead Hand Beckoned the Searchers to Her Body



But the Lifeless Fingers of the Young Colorado School Teacher Could Not Point to Her Slayer—And Months Later His Vanity Traps the Killer, Ending a Weird Murder Mystery

THAT "murder will out" has been proved innumerable times when the murderer has been trapped and betrayed by the most unexpected trifles which nobody could have foreseen. Yet the case of John Schopflin, 21-year-old Colorado sheik, who has confessed to the murder of Enid Marriott, an attractive young school teacher, is perhaps most remarkable of all.

More by luck than anything else the young man had done his work unseen and unsuspected, and could laugh as he watched every clew run down by the baffled authorities, until they finally gave up in despair. He knew that he had committed the "perfect crime," that nobody suspected him or could ever suspect him. He was safe forever—and then vanity, that peculiar weakness of criminal nature, tripped him.

Curiously enough, there was less than a thousand to one chance that even the body of the girl he had murdered would be discovered. Searchers had dug through the ice of a frozen canal, where it was thought that her body was, and had even walked along the bottom, looking for her. And without result. Then occurred a strange thing. Enid's own brother, hoping against hope, went searching along the canal. Then suddenly he saw a hand reaching out of the ice. It seemed to beckon to him. He ran toward it. Looking down, he saw the body of his sister.

John Schopflin, Who Confessed to the Murder of the Young School Teacher Because It Hurt His Vanity to Be Sent to Jail on a Lesser Charge.

The Hole in the Ice From Which the Body of Enid Was Taken After Her Dead Hand Had Revealed Where She Lay.

The Searchers for Enid Marriott Had Almost Given Up Hope When the Missing Girl's Brother Saw, Far Away, Something That Looked Like a Hand. It Seemed to Beckon to Him. He Ran Toward It—And There, Under the Ice, Lay the Body of His Sister. By Some Chance the Frozen Hand Was Free of the Ice, and It Had Summoned Him to Her.

Miss Enid Marriott, the Attractive Young Colorado School Teacher, the Mystery of Whose Murder Has Been Solved at Last by the Confession of Her Killer.

Roy Marriott, the Brother, Who Followed the Beckoning Hand.

He called helpers and they cut the body of the girl out of the ice. The beckoning hand had summoned him—but that was all. The frozen fingers did not point toward the murderer.

But when Schopflin was arrested on another charge, the police captain of Stockton, California, treated him as an insignificant offender. This aroused the vanity and anger of the young prisoner.

"It's a shame to arrest me for a little thing like this," he said. "I'm no small-time crook. If you only knew it, you've got somebody that they're looking for all over Colorado."

This impressed the captain, and it placed, most probably, the noose around Schopflin's neck.

The story goes back to the night of November 16, 1930, when Enid Marriott, pretty, youthful teacher in the town school at Wiggins, Colorado, a small farming community ninety miles northeast of Denver, stepped from a train at the Wiggins station shortly before midnight, after having spent the week-end with friends in Denver.

The following morning the president of the little community school board was informed that the children of the one-room school house were all there but no teacher. Thinking that she had been detained beyond her week-end visit in Denver he delighted the children by declaring a holiday, but next day when she was still missing he investigated.

A telephone call to her friends in Denver revealed that she had boarded a train for Wiggins Sunday night.

"We went to the station with her," they said.

The night station agent at Wiggins was routed out of bed.

"Sure," he recalled. "I saw the teacher get off the train Sunday night. She was the only one that got off. And there wasn't anyone else around the station at the time. She walked around the corner of the building and headed up the street toward the hotel as I went inside to report the train to the stations up the line."

Between the station and the hotel, only two blocks away, where Miss Marriott had a room, all trace of the school teacher vanished. Sheriff Rufus Johnston came over from Fort Morgan, the county seat, to take charge. It did not take him long to find that the missing girl had no love affairs, no enemies, and not many friends, not a thing to offer a motive or clew. There being nobody else to squeeze, the sheriff requestioned the night station agent who finally yielded one more crumb of information. He thought he remembered having heard a motor start up in the street just before the teacher left the station.

This was not much but it was something. Sheriff Johnston examined every tire mark he could find in the soft dirt of the street, examined the cars of all persons who might have been in the vicinity at the time and made them give an account of themselves. On his list was the name of John Schopflin who worked on the railroad at Omar, eight miles away and lived on his father's farm nearby. The sheriff examined the tires of John's car and that of his brother Tom, but the youths seemed to tell a straight story and the tire patterns were not what he was looking for. J. F. Marriott, of Boulder, Colorado, the father of the missing woman, and her two brothers, Roy and Fred J., Jr., who is a college professor, came to town to aid in the search but never for a moment did suspicion point a finger at John.

The first clew pointing to murder was the finding of the teacher's overnight bag beneath a bridge spanning an irrigation canal eight miles from Wiggins. Volunteers were invited to search the vicinity and none worked harder than John and Tom Schopflin. In November the canal had been full of open water, but later, after the surface had frozen over, the water below was drained off. Holes were now cut in the ice and men lowered through to search the canal bed. The Schopflin boys found nothing, but they saw others locate Miss Marriott's pocketbook on December 4, and next day her hat.

It was on January 19 that Roy Marriott, obsessed by the idea that his sister was somewhere in the frozen canal, decided to go on a lone hunt. He searched here and there for hour after hour. At last he came to a sump at the gate of one of the streams running out of the canal about two miles down from the highway bridge. Suddenly he stopped. Something that looked like a human hand stood out above the ice. It seemed to be beckoning to him. He went toward it——

He looked down upon the body of his sister. She lay encased in the ice, close to the surface. How the hand had penetrated through her frozen covering, none can tell. But unless that dead hand had stood out above the ice, never, it is likely, would she have been discovered.

That was the first link in the rope which was to catch young Schopflin.

When Enid was taken from the ice, five bullet wounds were found in her body. Several of these bullets were recovered by the surgeons who performed the autopsy.

A sump is a pit which is sunk below the lowest level of a canal to hold surplus water and to form a pool from which the water may be pumped. If that beckoning dead hand had not summoned her brother, it is likely that the body would have sunk into the sump when the ice melted, and never have been found, or if it had been found, then too late for identification.

Search for the girl's killer was pressed with renewed vigor, but clew after clew petered out and her family and friends gave up hope of a solution. They were at a loss for a motive which would explain such a brutal crime.

The last clew had been followed to the vanishing point, the Marriott family reluctantly left town and the sheriff admitted that he had given up. Some time after the last hope was abandoned, the elder Schopflins moved to Sand Point, Idaho, and the boys went on to the Pacific Coast. There Tom joined the army and was sent to the Philippines while John got a job as a fruit packer near Stockton.

John was as safe from punishment as if the crime had never been perpetrated.

On April 3, Mrs. Catherine Witt, a young Stockton matron, reported to the police she had fought off a man who had dragged her into his auto and had attempted to attack her.

"Here's some of his hair I pulled out in the fight," she asserted, as she deposited a few strands of curly, brown hair on the desk of Detective Captain Frank H. Fredericks.

Captain Fredericks put the wisp of curly brown hair in an envelope and tucked it away in his desk. Detectives made a memorandum on this not very important case and forgot it.

A few days later, John Schopflin, seeing no policeman in sight, thought he would not bother to stop for a traffic light, and as a result had a slight collision, which brought a policeman and caused his arrest. This meant, at the worst, a small fine, but at the city garage the number of his motor looked as if it had been tampered with, which suggested a stolen car and brought Schopflin to the attention of Captain Fredericks. The car had not been stolen, but the captain remembered that hair, and it matched well enough so that Mrs. Witt was called and identified him as her assailant. This was a little more serious. He might get a month or so. A study of Schopflin's finger prints showed that he had no record.

"He doesn't look as if he would," said Fredericks. "Playing cave man and getting licked if a woman put up a good fight. That's about his speed."

"Is that so!" roared an angry voice. It was Schopflin, who, with several other prisoners, had overheard, and the others had laughed.

"You think I'm just a cheap crook, do you?" the indignant Schopflin went on. "Well, if you were only smart enough to know it, I'm the worst-wanted man you've seen in many a day."

"Sure," [illegible]ed Fredericks, "you're a regular devil. I'll bet you'd steal chickens." Again the prisoners laughed and that was too much for John's vanity.

"Hey, you listen to me!" he cried, and then confessed the murder of Miss Marriott.

"Remember that woman who was killed and thrown in a creek last November in Colorado?" he asked. "Well, I did it. Her name was Enid Marriott. She was a school teacher at Wiggins. She was a woman that always wanted to be doing something and saying something; always butting into things, telling on bootleggers and talking a lot.

"She talked about me going with a married woman and she talked too much, so I stopped her. I met her on the night of November 16 as she got off the train at Wiggins and took her in my car. We drove about ten miles from town and stopped near a bridge. We got out and walked over on the bridge and stood there talking. I accused her of talking about me. Then I told her I was going to kill her, and pulled the gun. She said, 'Oh, God! Don't!' and I let her have it. Her body rolled off the bridge into the water and I threw her stuff in after her. Somewhere along the road I threw the gun into the weeds."

Then he revealed the man from whom he had stolen the gun and that was verified. But, in confessing the truth about his crime, he could not resist inserting a little boastful matter that was not true. Sheriff Johnston states that while he did have a sort of affair with an elderly married woman, Miss Marriott had not interested herself in that or anything else about Schopflin. He had simply kidnaped the teacher, just as he did Mrs. Witt, and when he got her out to that bridge and she resisted his attack, he killed her.

But that did not sound as good to this man, who posed as a sheik, as to pretend that it was done to stop her from talking so much about him.

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"I've hit the trail to the 'Silent North'

©1931, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Yet you'll find me on the crowded highways"

Measured haste of smoothly swinging paddles. Any minute the storm may break. But even here Chesterfield stands by... Ripe mild tobaccos and pure cigarette paper. Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Every Chesterfield burns evenly. *Made* to smoke milder. And to taste better. More men and women — yes, there's a tremendous woman vote — are changing *every day* to Chesterfields.

Chesterfield

FOR NINETEEN years, our Research Department has kept intimate touch with every new development of Science that could be applied to the manufacture of cigarettes. During this period there has been no development of tested value or importance to the smoker which we have not incorporated into the making of Chesterfield cigarettes.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

They're milder — and they taste better!

Queer Things Girls Do To Advertise

"Look at My Legs," Read the Sign on the Backs of the Twenty English Girls—And So Many Did That There Was a Riot in Sedate Old London; the Girls Who Are Packed in the Big Boots and Other Outdoor Exhibitions That Raise the Question Whether It Is Man and Not Woman Who Is the More Shy and Modest

Photograph of Some of the English Girls Just Before the Riot Began.

These Two Attractive Girls Drove a Pair of Zebras Through Missouri to Advertise a Dairy.

LONDON, July 17.

"LOOK at my legs!"

Twenty pretty young girls pranced gayly forth upon the streets of sedate old London with that not very modest request printed in large letters on their backs and wearing skirts short enough to make the looking as easy as possible.

The request was granted. Young men collected, laughed and openly debated the merits and defects of the 40 legs on exhibition. Older men stopped, stared, adjusted monocles and looked troubled. It was not that they had lost all interest in feminine underpinning, but they remembered with a shock the days of great Queen Victoria, when no woman, certainly no lady, was supposed to have legs. She might have limbs, but nobody except her husband would know even that except by theory and hearsay.

Of course there were women in Victoria's day who would do immodest things, but indoors and before only a limited number of spectators. To have gotten 20, even of London's boldest women of 50 years ago, to do what these young and sweet-faced girls were doing without a blush would probably have been impossible.

Young and old collected rapidly until presently the girls were so completely surrounded that newcomers on the outside could not see their legs. Later arrivals were unable to see anything at all and did not know what the excitement was about. They began climbing on each other's backs, old ladies got crushed and children stepped on. Traffic was stopped entirely until police reserves arrived with riot guns, ready to break up a Communist uprising.

Wedging their way into the centre of the mass, the police came upon the 20 girls, now tearful and hysterical. Nobody was looking at their legs any longer. The press of the crowd had made this impossible, and instead of being stared at they were having the breath almost squeezed out of them and their feet stepped on, which wasn't so nice.

The police extricated the rumpled ladies and forbade them to do it again. It is not against the laws of England for a woman to ask people to look at her legs, but the police have the power to prohibit most anything that blocks traffic. However, the stocking manufacturer who had hired the girls was well pleased. During one hour he had created more excitement and interest in his goods than he had hoped would come from parading them around London for a month.

The matter directed attention not only to stockings, but to woman in general. Young men saw nothing remarkable in the incident, but their fathers wrote to the papers asking what such a thing meant. Could it be that in one generation since the suffragette agitation and the new freedom woman had changed from the shrinking violet to the brazen hussy? Or was it that the traditional maidenly modesty was only a fiction invented by man and pretended by woman only as long as she had to? What had become of the "modest sex?"

English subscribers bombard their editors with questions and if the editors don't know the answer they have to find out. So reporters were sent to the largest concern that makes a business of providing people for public spectacles.

"Which is the more modest, man or woman?" the manager of the concern was asked.

"Man," was the prompt answer. "He is shy, modest, bashful, hesitating, but a woman will do anything. I could easily find 100,000 good-looking women who would gladly parade the streets in any costume or none at all, provided they would not catch cold or be arrested, but I would have a hard time getting a dozen men in their right minds to do as much.

"You can doll a woman up in any kind of foolishness and the more conspicuous you make her the happier she is. But if you make a man look queer in public he sulks and is as wretched and ashamed as a dog with a pink bow on. You'd be surprised to know how hard it is, in all this unemployment, to get decent looking fellows to act as sandwich men. And as for asking one to show up in tights with a sign, 'Look at my legs,' I never met a normal man who was that immodest. Any man who would do it would be queer, what the doctors call an 'exhibitionist.'"

"How about Lady Godiva?" the manager was asked.

"Oh, that story is a laugh," he replied. "It is told all wrong. She wasn't any martyr. That lady had the time of her life on that ride and all her women friends were jealous. The blushing was done by Lady Godiva's husband and the male relatives on both sides of the family.

"Men are vain enough, but not immodest. A human fly will risk his neck to show off before a big crowd, but as soon as he comes down he will want to pull on a pair of trousers over his tights before enjoying the crowd's congratulations."

A London rubber manufacturer wanted to advertise rubber boots, so a boot was placed in the window with a live kitten in the top, but the kitten got tired and didn't like it. A bigger boot was placed outside with a monkey chained to it. This attracted more attention, but the monkey became peevish and a humane society made them remove it. Then the company put out a monster boot with two pretty girls who sat, grinning and happy all day long, in the cramped quarters of the top and would have scratched the eyes out of any humane society agent who had tried to rescue them from their conspicuous little prison. A woman, out of place, never fails to attract attention. A cat, up a telegraph pole, will collect a crowd, but a woman up there will stop all traffic and business for blocks.

On rainy days Londoners see girls tramping around with a curious transparent covering over their dress. When they get near one of these apparitions they will read across what in Queen Victoria's time would have been a fluttering bosom, but is now just a suntanned chest, that the lady is protected from the weather by the same material that wraps their favorite cigar or cigarettes.

Most everyone has seen the sunlight signs that advertise products from the tops of automobiles. Some enterprising advertising man got the notion that the tops of women's heads were going to waste and might be used for advertising purposes the same as any other skylines. He has just tried it out in Leipzig, Germany, and found that he is right. A young man on the streets of that city, beholding a beautiful lady and trying to catch her eyes with the wicked intent of flirting, is likely to get a shock. Instead of the light that lies in woman's eyes, another light flashes a sign in her hat urging him to use somebody's tooth paste.

An Unusual Street Exhibit of a Western Music Store—A Giant Piano Which Makes a Perch Over the Entrance and Upon Which an Attractive Girl Pounds Three Times a Day to Attract Attention.

All Wrapped Up Like Cigarettes—A Pair of London Girls Who Promenade Only on Rainy Days, Covered by a Transparent and Waterproof Wrapping for Cigarettes and Other Articles.

A Young German Girl Wearing a "Sunlight Sign" Hat in Which She Strolls Around the Streets of Berlin Advertising Various Products.

A Brace of Good-Looking Young Women, Who Pose All Day Inside a Huge Boot Placed on a London Corner to Advertise the Products of a Rubber Firm.

Women and music! These Englishmen remembered that in their youth it took half an hour's coaxing to get a blushing, fluttering feminine member of the family to the piano and play "The Soul in Paradise" and ten minutes more begging before she would sing "Rock of Ages."

"What is this world coming to?" ask the bewildered elderly and middle-aged Englishman who remembers the prosperity and power of England in Victoria's long-skirt days and compares them with the present freedom and hard times.

Another American exhibit also pains them. In St. Louis two pretty young maidens quite modestly dressed attracted much attention recently by driving through the city streets a couple of zebras, attached to a milk wagon. The idea was to advertise a dairy, and nobody in the United States felt sad at the exhibit, but old-timers in England shook their heads over it. A zebra is about the gaudiest, most jazzed-up beast in his coloring that Nature has permitted to live. But it is not the association of women with such gaudy animals in public that irks them so much as the sentiment about a dairy.

In English tradition dairy maids were as modest, shrinking and innocent as convent girls are supposed to be. For centuries dairies and modesty have been synonymous in English minds and now the American State of Missouri has to prove that those days have gone forever.

The theatre used to be about the only place that a woman could show herself off publicly and get paid for the privilege. With these new advertising spectacles, a woman in advertising her employer's goods also advertises her own attractions, and, if enough men stare at her long enough, one may get interested and she may win herself a husband on the side or even a job in the movies.

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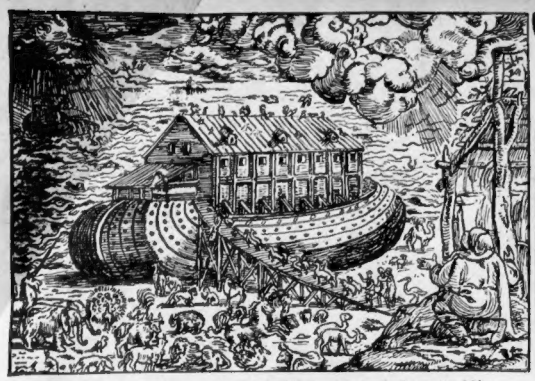
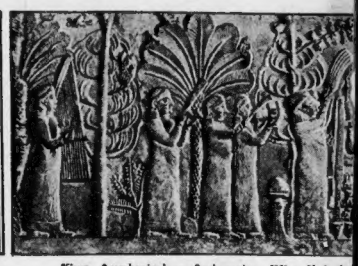
The City Where Old Noah



Old 16th Century Print from an Illustrated Bible, Representing the Conventional Idea of the Flood, and Showing How the Animals Went Into Noah's Ark Two by Two, as the Scriptures Relate.

Ancient Babylonian Seal About 5,000 Years Old, Representing Uta-Naphistim (the Original of Noah of the Scriptures) in His Ark Supported by Gods. The Artists at That Time Could Only Draw a Boat as Square.



King Assurbanipal, or Sardanapalus, Who Had the Library. The Old King Is Shown Feasting in Cast in the Metropolitan Mu

American Scientists Excavating the Ancient Sumerian Ruins of Shurrupak, Where Traces of a Great Flood Have Been Found and Important Prehistoric Relics May Be Unearthed

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IN the ancient city of Nineveh, 700 years before the birth of Christ, lived a very intelligent King named Assurbanipal. Modern archeologists look back upon the old Assyrian King and his time, 2,700 years ago, as a period of great antiquity.

But Assurbanipal regarded himself as very modern, and he was interested in what he called "antiquity." And as the archeologists of today search the ruins of Nineveh, where Assurbanipal lived, so old Assurbanipal nearly 3,000 years ago, sent out expeditions to dig over the ruins of still earlier cities and civilizations, and his scribes recorded the discoveries on clay tablets (the method of writing of his time) for his library. It is thus fortunate for the explorers of today that a man of so much intelligence, wealth and power happened to live nearly thirty centuries ago and busied himself with exploration and research of still earlier periods.

Some of the records of old Assurbanipal's explorations have been found in the ruins of the royal library at Nineveh. Thus have been preserved for the modern archeologist the researches of antiquarians about thirty centuries ago, who examined into legends and folklore tales of that period, when the scenes of many of the episodes of a much earlier period were not entirely obliterated.

And among the records on the clay tablets written by the King's scribes is the history of a great flood, which modern scientists believe was the original deluge from which the Old Testament writers got their story of Noah and the ark.

The ruins of a city in Lower Babylonia, which is today called Fara, has been identified as the ancient city of Shurrupak, where some 6,000 years ago an ancient Babylonian, warned of an impending flood, built a vessel, gathered the animals into it and rode out the storm. The name of this man was Uta-Naphistim, the original of the Noah of the Bible. Thanks to the researches of King Assurbanipal nearly 3,000 years ago and the records he left, we are able today to trace back the Scriptural story of Noah and the ark to its source. An expedition from the University of Pennsylvania is now beginning a thorough excavation of old Shurrupak, the "home town" of the real Noah.

There is no episode in the Old Testament more interesting than the story of Noah and the ark which he built to save himself and his family and the animals from the flood sent by Heaven to drown the whole world for its wickedness. Every child knows it, and the story lives today, after 6,000 years, in the picture books and toy stores.

In modern times explorers have proved that the flood was a catastrophe in Lower Babylonia, where the great rivers, Euphrates and Tigris, flow through a flat country to the sea. There were many floods here, but excavations have shown that there was an exceptionally disastrous one which must have been the subject of the Bible story and the earlier legends.

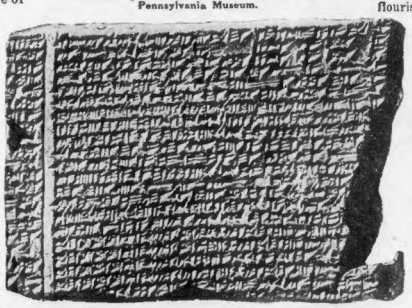
It is now known that the legend of Uta-Naphistim and his boat was already an ancient story about 3000 B. C., or 5,000 years ago—that is about 1,500 years before the time of Abraham and 2,000 years before that of Moses, who related Noah's adventure in the Book of Genesis. Abraham came from Ur of the Chaldees, in Lower Babylonia, and the Bible story is supposed to have been gathered there by him and his companions and carried to Palestine.

Like Moses in earlier centuries, so King Assurbanipal, about 700 B. C., heard the folklore tales of some ancient hero who built an ark and assembled the animals at the time of the great catastrophe which men still talked about. With his inquiring mind, the King set about to trace the story back to its origin.

About 400 miles from Nineveh the King's investigators explored the ruins of an old city which had been destroyed several hundred years before. Among these ruins the expedition came across fragments of very old clay tablets, and among them was a historical poem relating the adventures of an ancient hero named Gilgamesh. This ancient poetical historian, whoever he was, also tells about an uncle of Gilgamesh—Uta-Naphistim. It was this relative of Gilgamesh who was the hero of the great flood, and a whole chapter is given to the details of this original Noah and his exploit.

King Assurbanipal's explorers brought back to Nineveh these ancient inscribed bricks, some of which were in fragments and some were missing. Assurbanipal, greatly interested at the discoveries, ordered his scribes to piece together and write a fresh narrative of the Gilgamesh history, and modern explorers have found not only the records written by Assurbanipal's scribes, but also some of the older tablets brought back to the royal library from the ruins of old Shurrupak.

Artistically Designed Mountain Goats' Heads in Bronze, With Eyes Inlaid With Shell and Lapis-Lazuli, Unearthed in Shurrupak and Now in the University of Pennsylvania Museum.



Portion of the Famous Tablet in the British Museum Describing the Flood, from the Library of King Assurbanipal, at Nineveh, and Copied by His Scribes from Earlier Records Found in or Near Shurrupak.

While the most complete version of the story of the flood has been obtained from the ruins of the Nineveh library, yet other versions of the same historical event have been recovered in the royal tombs at Ur and in the old city of Nippur.

It is known that Uta-Naphistim came from Shurrupak, because the Gilgamesh epic says so, and it is known that the heap of ruins now being excavated is old Shurrupak, because they dug up there a few years ago a brick inscribed with the name "Khaladda, Patesi of Shurrupak." A "patesi" was a ruler in Babylonia in early days, practically a king, before monarchies extending over wide areas were established.

Professor Erich Schmidt, the archeologist in charge of the Shurrupak excavations, has sent a preliminary cable announcing:

"Found very rich inscribed tablets, pottery and alabaster vessels, all dating from 2500 to 3000 B. C."

It is expected that the city now being unearthed will prove fully as interesting as ancient Ur, in the same country, whose excavations by the University expedition under Professor Woolley has attracted world-wide attention.

Carved Brick from Ur of the Chaldees, the City of Abraham, Illustrating an Adventure of Gilgamesh. Uta-Naphistim Was an Uncle of Gilgamesh, and the Flood Forms a Chapter in the Poem About the Nephew's Adventures.

Shurrupak was one of the five cities of Babylonia believed by experts to have been in existence before the great flood. At Ur Professor Woolley has dug down to a clay deposit eight feet thick and found remains of an early civilization below it as well as a later city of higher development above it. This layer probably represents the great flood, as such a thick deposit could only have been spread by an extraordinary volume of water. This deposit has been estimated as dating from 4200 B. C., or possibly earlier.

It has been figured out that Uta-Naphistim lived before this flood, survived it with his family, servants and perhaps some of his friends, and that they rebuilt the town after the disaster. Naturally he would have lived in legends or history as a tribal hero. There is an alternative possibility that the local poet-historian invented him as a central figure in the adventure of the tribe's ancestors, who passed through the great flood. Primitive races liked to have a hero in the legends of their ancestors, even if there was none.

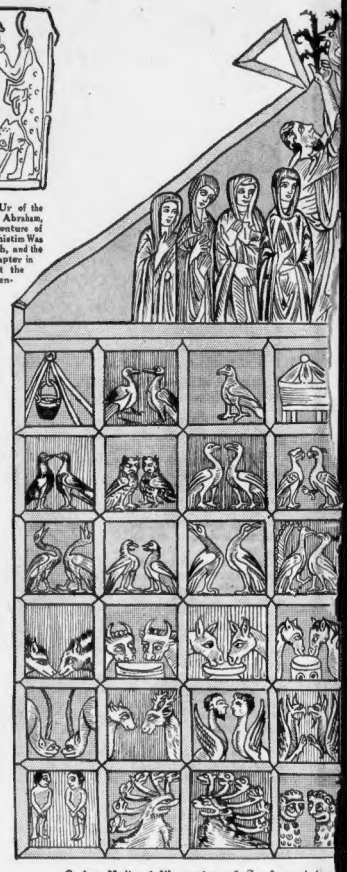
Shurrupak grew up to be an important and flourishing city in Lower Babylonia before such famous places as Babylon and Nineveh took the lead. Its site today is represented by a great mound 3,250 feet in length by 2,275 feet in width and about 30 feet high. The mound is quite deserted, and lies in the middle of a desert. It is called Fara by the present day, wandering Arabs, who sometimes visit it. It is probable that the material within the mound includes ruins of temples, palaces, schools, libraries and important buildings. Religion formed the chief interest of these people and furnished them with entertainment as well as their hopes and fears of a future life. It was the "home town" of the original Noah, whose real name we now know was Uta-Naphistim (if any Noah ever existed at all.)

The people living all around this city were dependent on it—fishermen, farmers and tradesmen. About twenty miles away to the west rolled the broad Euphrates, from which the citizens drew most of their wealth and food. The mound today lies on the bank of a tributary of the Euphrates called the Shatt-el-Kar, and it is probable that the main river has changed its channel since Uta-Naphistim's time. It supplied them with fish, carried their commerce and irrigated their fields. It also menaced them with destruction by flood.

The Nineveh tablet of the deluge says that the god Ea spoke to Uta-Naphistim in his reed house and warned him that the flood was coming. This statement suggests that the hero was a farmer or boatman, or both. The description agrees with the Bible account, which says that Noah was a husbandman. Uta-Naphistim was certainly a remarkably able boat builder, even if we accept the modern critical explanation that he only made the boat large enough to carry his family and servants and his domestic animals.

Experience teaches us that such a splendid boat builder, packer, mover and navigator would have become the Patesi of Shurrupak. These officials were really minor kings until great centers like Babylon and Nineveh extended their dominion over large areas.

Shurrupak probably had a population of 20,000 to 30,000, including the territory dependent on it. This represented a considerable power in those early days. Religion occupied most of the time and absorbed most of the incomes of the citizens of Shurrupak. The name of the town itself is that of a local god. In addition, they worshiped Shamash, the sun god, and Sin or Nannar, the moon god, as well as many others.



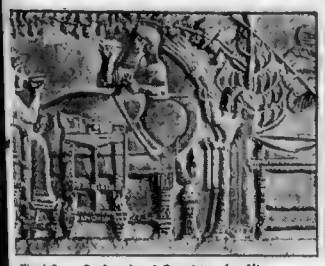
Curious Medieval Illustration of the Internal Arra the Animals "Two by Two," While Noah and Roof of the Ark With the Dove and the O

Human sacrifice was extensively practiced in the worship of the moon god to bring about a rise or a fall of the river, as conditions made it desirable. According to some historians, beautiful girls were periodically left chained in a cell in the basement of the temple, where the river would reach them and drown them when it rose. It is supposed that they were chained where they would die under the light of the moon, a sacrifice to the luminary of night as well as to the river.

Human hearts were sometimes moved by love, even in those primitive days, and the sad position of a pretty girl condemned to be cruelly sacrificed in this way would naturally have appealed to a man of any feeling. There are legends of young priests, who, touched by the plight of a victim, cut her bonds, rescued her and ran away with her to lead a new life in some far-away place.

The unblushing worship of Ishtar, the Asiatic Venus, was a prominent feature of life in the Babylonian cities. When worshiping this goddess, the citizens had to dress appropriately and the men wore a skirt only. Women added an

Lived and Built The Ark

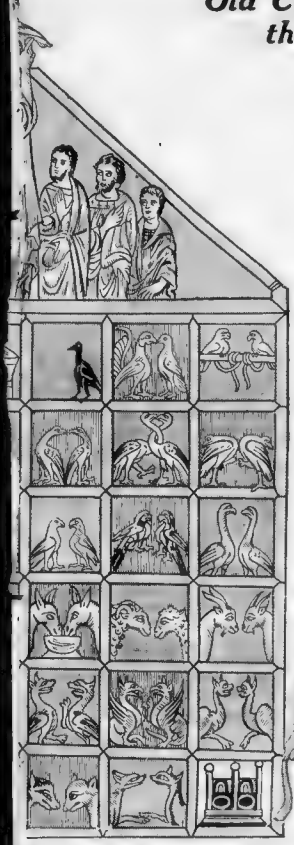


Flood Story Confirmed and Rewritten for His His Garden With His Queen. From seum of Art, New York.

Fragment of Brick Wall of the City, of Shurrupak (the Home Town of Old "Noah") Laid Bare in an Earlier Exploration by Professor R. P. Dougherty, of Yale University.

Excavation Through an Eight-Foot Deposit of Mud Made by a Great Flood of 6,000 Years Ago at Ur, Which Is in the Same Region as Shurrupak, the Home of Uta-Naphistim, the Original Noah.

Old Clay Tablets Discovered Which Tell the Story of the Deluge, the Ark and the Animals, and Giving the Name and Residence of the Man Who, Scientists Believe, Was the Original Noah of the Bible



ement of Noah's Ark, Showing Some of his Family Are Busy Up Near the ive Branch It Brought Back.

Heroic Figure of Old Gilgamesh, the Babylonian Samson, Whose Feats Are Related in the Same Poem Which Tells About the Adventures of His Uncle, Uta-Naphistim and His Ark, Found in Ancient Khorsabad and Now in the Louvre, Paris.

sides of the building. They entertained the male worshipers, and gifts to them were considered to have been made to the goddess. Even respectable women were required to sacrifice themselves at least once in their lives at the temple in honor of Ishtar.

The religion of these people was generally based on the belief that all objects in nature were the abodes of spirits, which could only be controlled by invoking the aid of the more powerful spirits, those dominating earth and heaven. The priests were magicians, who knew spells which would compel the lesser spirits to obey. The spells were embodied in elaborate magical litanies and formed a regular service of magic.

The first centre of magic learning was the ancient city of Eridu, and the spells woven in that city and the incantations of Ea, the god who warned Uta-Naphistim of the flood, were considered the finest. These people believed that side by side with the spirits of light was a vast army of "black gods," who were ever at war with the good ones. These terrible beings were all more or less associated with the dead—the ghosts, the restless and uncared-for souls, the vampires, the victims of the night, and the uncanny ghouls and evil spirits that haunted the desert and caves in the rock.

They believed that the soul, which was not provided with funeral offerings, would come back and haunt them. Hence the belief that the city was filled with restless spirits at night ready to pounce on any stray wanderer.

Most feared were the female ghosts. In this class was Lilith, the demon first wife of Adam, to whom she bore a family of evil spirit children. Even today there are superstitious persons who fear the children of Lilith. The Babylonians believed that women who had failed to find husbands wandered about eternally seeking victims.

Before the flood Uta-Naphistim and his friends lived in reed houses, but after it they began to build brick ones. The houses of Shurrupak were only one story high and built of fine bricks, flat on one side and convex on the other. The rooms were grouped around a large, square court, which was shaded by palm trees planted around a pool and fountain. These were agreeable protections against the intense Summer heat of the country.

In time the ruler of Shurrupak must have had a fine palace, the character of which can be judged from that of King Gudea at Shirpurla, a similar city. It covered an area of about an acre, with the angles toward the cardinal points of the compass. The walls were of great thickness. Immediately before the entrance was a large stone tomb from which holy water was taken. From this all cleansed themselves before entering the royal abode. Attached to the palace was a private temple.

This part of the world was the first to establish the custom of one wife for one man, but there were many mitigations of the system. A prosperous citizen was allowed by law to have as many pretty slaves as he needed to help him to pass the time pleasantly. His wife had no right to bring a suit or make any fuss about it. On the other hand, fidelity was strictly required of the wife. The usual punishment for infidelity in a wife was drowning in the Euphrates. If the wife had a marriage contract she had considerable rights which were protected by law, but she could be divorced for extravagance as well as most other causes. In later times women progressed to a point where they could engage in commerce by becoming votaries of the temples.

In bringing about a marriage, the father chose a bride for his son, paying for her various sums ranging from 1 to 20 shekels. The bride's family had to bring gifts, according to the wealth of the family, of oxen, sheep, etc.

The city was supplied with an excellent water system from the Euphrates River. There were well constructed brick channels to carry the water to the city, and clay drains to carry it away. Great cisterns were constructed in the town and in the fields to supply drinking water. A network of large canals connected Shurrupak with other cities. These were excellently constructed, lined with brick and some of them continue in use to the present day. One has been found bearing the name Eanaddu, which proves that it has been in existence 6,000 years, for that was the period of this ruler.

The country round about was irrigated by a system of canals running from the river. Water wheels were formed of stripped branches nailed together, and with spokes joining the outer rim to a roughly hewn axle. There were paddles and earthenware cups on the rim. The river drove the paddles, and the cups lifted up the water to a higher level. The water could be raised to any height by a series of wheels. Some of the wheels were turned by donkeys.

The men of this country, as shown by monuments in other places, were of medium height and stocky. Their heads and faces were long, sometimes of an extreme length, their foreheads retreating, their cheeks full, their eyes large, their noses slightly hooked. They shaved their faces and heads.

The women were of pleasing appearance, although of a heavier build than is fashionable at the present time. The monuments show them with higher foreheads than the men. They parted their hair in the middle and combed it back with a rippling effect, catching it up in a net at the back of the head. Women of humble position wore a bandeau over the brow, or a close cap covering the entire head. Ladies of the higher class wore a turban elaborately intertwined from a single strip of cloth.

Both men and women wore a costume with a skirt having rows of ruffles sewn upon a lining. In the case of women this was cut away under the right arm and had a binding.

They engaged in all forms of banking, money lending and commerce. Their accounts, contracts, receipts and other documents were written on clay bricks, unbaked in the earlier times and baked in the later ones. When baked they could not be forged or tampered with, and were practically indestructible.

There were profiteers in those days, for a decree is preserved in which Sin-Gashid, of Uruk, a prince in South Babylonia, where Shurrupak is situated, announced a standard tariff of prices to stop extortion. A shekel had to buy three measures of wheat in Uruk, although it only bought two in Assyria. The shekel purchased 30 measures of oil in the south and only 12 in the north.

The fishing and farming members of the population became skilful in constructing boats from the reeds that grew in the marshes. These they covered with bitumen, which they found in great quantities in the earth by digging pits. The boats were nearly circular and do not appear easy to handle, but they were water tight and durable, which explains the success of Uta-Naphistim's craft in meeting the terrible storms which the old legend says it encountered. Boats of this form are still used on the Euphrates today.

This was the country in which wheat, the most important food in the world, was first cultivated. The original settlers found it growing wild and discovered that it was edible when they saw the birds feeding on it.

The men plucked the ears of wheat and rubbed them with their hands, but the process soon became tedious. They made a rough improvement by cutting the ears with a flint knife. After that came the great invention of the sickle. The cutting of wheat by hand requires a semi-circular instrument pulling toward the body. The first sickle was the lower jawbone of a sheep or ox, and with this the process was much improved. It was, however, too expensive to kill a sheep every time a man needed a sickle, and so, in time, a wooden model of the lower jaw was made, into which flint teeth were inserted as the natural teeth of an animal are placed.

Much of the land was the property of the local god and had to support his household. Vast estates were attached to all the temples and produced great wealth. The stores of corn, dates, wool and other commodities in the storehouse of the temple enabled the priests and priestesses to do an extensive trade and enrich themselves as well as the temple.

Astronomy was scientifically practiced in Babylonia as long as 2243 B. C., or 4174 years ago. The local astronomers perfected a calendar and divided the year into lunar months, which they found very convenient for religious, farming and business purposes. But they soon discovered when the new year came around that these months, did not equal the solar year by 11¼ days. They therefore introduced an extra month every three years to make the calendar come right.

They built fixed telescopes in the form of brick tubes, which were directed toward various important points of the heavens. Through these they watched the movements of the planets, moon and stars, the conjunction of the heavenly bodies and the principal phenomena of astronomy. This information was useful in guiding the farmers in planting, but its most im-

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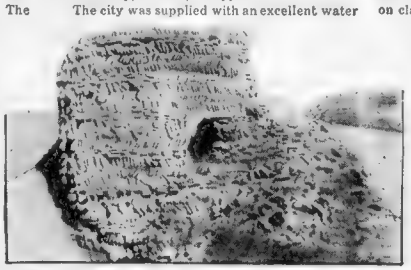

Ancient Tomb Found at Shurrupak by Professor Dougherty, of Yale University, and Believed to Date Not Much Later Than the Time of Uta-Naphistim, the Original Noah.

Preliminary Excavation Trench Made at Shurrupak, Revealing a Wall and Archway in the City of the Original Noah.

upper garment, which left one shoulder and breast exposed.

The worshiper took his goat or sheep in his left arm, raised his right in adoration, and was led forward by priests clad in the robes of minor divinities. From the street he passed through the open gateway with its guards lounging upon the clay benches of the guardroom, and across the courtyard he saw the front of the temple. Within its door he turned to the left and looked down the room at the shrine at the far end. Directly before him was a square altar of clay with hollowed top, on which his animal was sacrificed, and a smaller pan of terra-cotta to catch the blood. The object of these offerings was to bring about fertility of all kinds.

An attendant next took from the side wall one of several three-foot models of the primitive houses of the tribe. On top of the houses were snakes, lions or doves, the creatures sacred to the mother goddess. On these the worshiper set his offerings.

In a niche at the end of the room, closed by a veil of woven reeds and elevated half a man's height above the floor, was the image of the goddess. Her extraordinary appearance is known by clay images of her, which have been preserved, and which were sold by the priests to the worshipers. She was nude, and her maternal features were strikingly accentuated.

In some great temples of Ishtar hundreds of women devotees lived in apartments around the

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

A Thrilling Story of Love, "Spooks" and Mystery

Clara Used to Drive Up There With Mr Sometimes and She Often Talked With Singh While She Was Waiting.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

NORAH FALLON, beautiful musical comedy star, is engaged to Harlen Grant, a fashionable medium, and they plan to advise on business matters. Singh, Grant's Hindu assistant, who is in love with Norah, tries to put a stop to the engagement by producing letters from her fiancé, Dick Stoddard, a wealthy scientist.

Norah is consulting Jimmy Lane, author and amateur criminologist, and his friend Phil Castle, lawyer, about her troubles when they receive word that the medium has been discovered dead in his séance room, his face twisted in an expression of horror.

Lane and Castle begin to investigate, as a reporter that the police believe Grant was murdered by a blow on the back of the head sometime between midnight and 12:30 and are looking for Dick Stoddard, who was heard quarreling with the medium and is the last person known to have been with him.

They interview Colonel Grant, the medium's brother who tell them that Grant's mother, herself a famous medium died of apoplexy, her face twisted in an expression of horror although her following believed she was murdered by the spirits she invoked. Harlen however contended that what killed her was the "Fear of fear." Afterwards he went to India with his brother and became a student of the occult. When the Colonels wife died they came to San Francisco where his daughter Chanda, married a criminal German chemist, Otto Steeb. The brothers bought adjoining houses on Russian Hill and were later joined by Dr. Herbert Waverly, an old friend from India who purchased the third house on the Hill.

Captain Hemming, Chief of the Detective Bureau, tells Lane the police that he and Noel Harper have had an unsolved clash the night about 1:30 and they did not answer for. He does not know what it is but feels certain Steeb was no other means of entering the room.

As the body has been embalmed [illegible] known to have been bitterly jealous [illegible] Dr. Waverly [illegible] Dr. Herbert Waverly [illegible] suspect.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

Blackmail.

SLOWLY Captain Hemming came over to where Jimmy Lane was sitting.

"You're kidding, Lane. Surely you don't mean that you suspect the Lady Ilfreda?"

"Never more serious in my life," Jimmy answered. "She was up here just before Stoddard. Singh admits that he didn't see her leave and she might have been hiding in any of the rooms on the second floor. I say might, but it's practically certain she was, because if she'd gone straight out, she wouldn't have heard Stoddard arguing with Grant."

"You're right, at that! The row didn't start until after Singh left."

"Which was two or three minutes after she was supposed to have gone. Perhaps she had some reason for wanting to finish her talk with Grant and waited until after Stoddard left, then climbed the stairs again, knocked on the door, and got Grant to admit her."

"What could have been her reason for killing him?"

"Jealousy. We've already been told she was crazy about the fellow, and I should say he was pretty much of a ladies' man. At least, his standing order to Singh not to disturb him in the morning until he rang looks as though he were in the habit of having visitors that might not want to be seen. Also we know he was trying to make love to Norah. Perhaps the fair Ilfreda got her back up about something and did him in."

"How'd she do it?"

"You wouldn't expect me to know that when the experts themselves disagree, would you? If I were to make a guess, I'd say she lured him to the far end of the room, then struck him on the head with that little stone image. You'll remember the blow was at the base of the skull, about where a rather short woman would strike a man as tall as Grant."

"But how did she get out and lock the door behind her?"

"That, my dear Watson, I leave you to figure out for yourself, but the difficulty is no greater than in the case of Stoddard. Mind you, I'm not saying she did it. There are still several others."

"Just as a venture, I should say everyone in the family, with the possible exception of Steeb. McCarthy has just been going over their movements on Monday night, and there's not a single one of 'em with a real alibi for the time between twelve and twelve-thirty. Singh was out walking and could have come up here without being seen. The Colonel says he was in his room reading, but it would have been easy for him to have slipped down the stairs and into this house. The same thing applies to Chanda Steeb and Dr. Waverly."

"Why do you exclude Steeb himself?"

"Because the man's a cripple and couldn't have climbed the stair, otherwise I'd cheerfully add him to our list."

"But there's the question of motives—" the Chief began.

"Yes; and there's frequently nobody in the world with as much reason for wishing a man dead as his own immediate family."

"If I'd been given my pick of the lot," said McCarthy savagely, "I'd choose the Colonel. With that temper he's a born killer."

"Yes," Jimmy agreed, "it could easily have been the old boy. We know that he was talking with Grant earlier in the evening about business, and it's possible they had a quarrel which was interrupted by Norah's arrival. Suppose, for example, that the Colonel had been speculating with his brother's funds and Grant was demanding an accounting. The Colonel might have waited until after everyone was gone, then come up to finish the argument. It's darned easy to imagine his flying into a rage and striking Grant with the closest thing at hand, which was probably—"

"His cane," McCarthy broke in

(Continued on Page 18)

Consider your Adam's Apple!!*

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

The great Lord Tennyson in a beautiful poem refers to a woman's Adam's Apple as "The warm white apple of her throat." Consider your Adam's Apple. Touch it—your Adam's Apple—That is your larynx—your voice box—it contains your vocal chords. When you consider your Adam's Apple you are considering your throat—your vocal chords. Protect the delicate tissues within your throat. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants! Reach for a LUCKY instead. Here in America LUCKY STRIKE is the only cigarette which brings you the added benefit of the exclusive "TOASTING" Process, which includes the use of modern Ultra Violet Rays. It is this exclusive process that expels certain harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos. These expelled irritants are sold to manufacturers of chemical compounds. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. And so we say "Consider your Adam's Apple."

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays

Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.

Pajamas Made Popular on Beaches, Now Used in Factories

LESS than ten years ago pajamas were strictly bedroom attire. Long, loose and flowing they were, and—very attractive. Their practicability for comfort and ease of movement, the simplicity of their pattern and many other advantages caused them to supersede the old-fashioned nightgown. But in those days no one ever dreamed of wearing pajamas outside the boudoir.

Eventually, however, pajamas made their appearance at the breakfast table. This custom started in England, and within a few months, what was once considered strictly negligee, became a fashionable costume for breakfast parties. The natural evolution of the pajamas thus begun continued until they made their appearances at the British watering resort and then at the Riviera.

Today, beach robes all over the world have given way to pajama costumes. Their designs and patterns have changed greatly. Gay colors have been added, and there is no denying that the advent of pajamas in public has helped the seaside resorts by making them more appealing.

The latest practical use for pajamas has been found in the factories. Where once smocks were in great favor, the pajamas have made their way. One of the first concerns to adopt the idea of loose trousers and jumpers for factory girls was a chewing gum concern, and after that pajamas were adopted by soap, cosmetic, and even food products industries. The idea has so progressed that there is now a bit of rivalry among the industries in the matter of providing snappy and attractive costumes for the girl employees. Of course, the freedom of movement and comfort which pajamas afford are the main consideration.

At Hammond, Indiana, a large factory has not only decided to have every employee wear pajamas, but has also agreed to provide the costumes at no expense to the workers. This costume is of gray cotton material with flowing lines, and besides being of much practical value has solved other problems. The pajamas have built a new spirit among the women workers, who heretofore indulged in a certain amount of competition in the matter of dress. Now, with everybody attired exactly alike, there are no problems of psychology to solve, no temperamental disturbances. But, best of all, there is no discomfort.

The girls do not wear their costumes outside the factory walls, however, except at lunch time. The management has decided that it would not care for the advertisement that would result from allowing the pajamas to be paraded through the streets. It feels that the girls would rather wear their own choice of clothing to and from work. The management is proud of the fact that it understands women.

Feet that itch, burn and crack between toes

...find immediate relief in a warm bath with Resinol Soap, followed by a generous application of Resinol Ointment. Healing starts at once as the soothing medication sinks into the cracked skin.

Use Resinol also for eczema, piles, burns, scratches, rashes, chafing, etc. Safe for the tenderest, most irritated skins.

Sold by all drug stores. Buy Resinol today—have it ready for sudden need. Free sample, write to Resinol, Dept. X-74, Balto., Md.

Resinol

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Demand to know

what complexion soaps are made of

Palmolive tells you—

—and over 20,000 beauty experts advise this soap because it is made of olive and palm oils—here are a few of the 20,000. Read what they say.

CARSTEN *of Berlin*

"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition to benefit from my treatments. I recommend all my clients to use Palmolive Soap."

SEILER *of Geneva*

"We advise Palmolive because of its pure, safe, soothing vegetable oil content. In contrast to ordinary soaps, it provides thorough cleansing with no harmful irritation to the skin."

ECHTER *of Budapest*

"It is, in my opinion, a mistake to use any other soap except Palmolive because this soap, being made of olive and palm oils, is the finest natural skin cleanser known."

EUGENIO *of Milan*

"Why do I advise vegetable oils in soaps? Because—as embodied in Palmolive—these fine cosmetic oils are your best protection against skin irritation. They leave the skin lovely."

MASSE *of Paris*

"The beauty specialist cannot work on an irritated skin. Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing, non-irritating."

BERTHA JACOBSON *of London*

"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. By using Palmolive you can always be sure that your skin will retain its natural freshness and beauty."

HELEN MILNER *of Cleveland*

"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular which soap you choose. We specify Palmolive. Nothing equals its stimulating, soothing cosmetic oils."

HEPNER *of Hollywood*

"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritation."

ROBERT *of Paris, Washington, D. C.*

"Palmolive cleanses as only an olive and palm oil soap can. Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest possible help in keeping your skin beautiful."

Palmolive soap is made of olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know*.

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Search the advertisements for information about what they are made of. Cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps advertised tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

Palmolive—*uniquely*—is a non-animal fat soap. That is very important in facial care. No artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets. It is made of olive and palm oils.

Don't expect cosmetic results from ordinary soaps. Some soaps are made of animal fats. That is why more than 20,000 beauty experts urge Palmolive.

Experts believe in Palmolive

It is because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of. That is important.* They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is different—in cosmetic effect—from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Palmolive is made of vegetable oils—olive and palm oils—no other fats whatsoever. These oils has stood supreme in cosmetic use for generations. Beauty experts know their true effect upon the skin—how they penetrate deeply—purging pores of poisonous accumulations of dirt, powder and impurities. Palmolive is a *pure* soap—a soap that tells women what it is made of.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps—remember—ask *first* what they are made of.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

The Story of an Ultramodern Girl Who Thought She Could Defy the Conventions

CHAPTER I.

Enter the Lion.

LANGUIDLY Pan was dancing with Sandy Willard when she first got wind of it. Following his long, irregular strides around the dance floor of the Bolton Country Club, she was thinking how insufferably dull these Friday night club dances were becoming; how uninspiring it was to meet the same people week in, week out; how depressing to see the same dresses on the girls, blue one week, lemon the next, red the week following, then blue again, inevitably, oh, horribly inevitably.

Wondering how she was going to stand listening to Sandy tell her of the Yale Prom for the third time in the supper room after this dance, she heard a man standing near the doorway remark: "By the way, have you heard? Quarrender Hale is coming here for a visit . . ." And his partner's incredulous interjection, "Not *the* Quarrender Hale?"

Pan did not hear any more. Obeying a sudden impulse, Sandy swung her into the middle of the dance floor. Pan was so annoyed, and bored with him that she trod on his toe.

Sandy said the inevitable, "So sorry. My fault."

Pan was suddenly contrite. She usually was contrite when it was too late to be contrite. "No, it wasn't Sandy," she smiled, that bad child smile when she half-shut her eyes and crinkled her nose a little. Men forgave her anything when she smiled like that. "I did that on purpose. Mean thing, aren't I?"

And Sandy, who was infatuated with Pan, mumbled, "No, you're not mean. I think you're wonderful."

"Forget the compliments," she told him, "and tell me if this is true about Quarrender Hale."

"Did hear something about it," Sandy remarked. No man likes to talk about another man to the girl he is in love with. Especially if that man happens to be a national hero.

But she liked to say things that mystified people.

"Oh, do you think so?" The brunette looked doubtful. "I thought him stunning. The sort of man you'd like to have pull you by the hair to a cave and beat you up."

She giggled, took a tiny gold jar out of her bag and made her lips a bright carmine.

Pan looked at her, a little contemptuously. She refrained from telling her that the cave man stunt wasn't done any longer.

"The Guerneys are giving a big party for him," the brunette remarked over her shoulder before leaving the locker room. "I hear Suzette Mobray's coming up from New York for it."

Pan paused in the act of wetting the tip of her finger to smooth down her eyebrows. She stared after the girl. She murmured to herself, "Oh, so Suzette's coming up for it, is she?" And she started to think.

From childhood Suzette had been Pan's greatest rival in the Bolton Country Club set. Suzette was everything Pan most despised in a girl. With men she was too sweet, she was coy, she flattered them. And it was not only in their treatment of men, in every way they differed Suzette kept her black silken hair long, and wore it in a Grecian knot at the nape of her smooth ivory neck. Even in the daytime she affected slinky dresses, an old-fashioned air to them, rather high waisted and long in the skirt, almost to the feet. And it wasn't because she had thick ankles either.

Pan's frocks, on the other hand, were the last word in simplicity. Tonight she was wearing a gown of green taffeta, chemise-like in cut, girdled in silver with flimsy nude stockings and silver dancing sandals.

Modern. That was the key note of Pan's dressing. The key to Pan's personality.

"The days when women were subtle, aloof and clinging are out," she was wont to remark. "Nowadays you've got to meet a man on his own ground. Good pals. Not expecting him to chase you unless you're just as willing to chase him. And why shouldn't you chase him, if he hits you first? That's the new technique. I've got it pat."

And she had got it. And it had succeeded. Amazingly. Pan was what is known as a riot amongst her male contemporaries. No Harvard Prom, no Commencement week at Dartmouth, no big Varsity game was complete without Pan. She was always to be seen. Small, slight, auburn hair in three large water waves, cut very close at the back,

(Continued on Page 16)

Following Her Usual Method of Attack, Pan Walked Straight Up to Quarrender. "Well, has the handsome bronzed hero a smile for poor insignificant little me?"

"Communicative, aren't you?" Pan chided him. "Never mind. I'll find out all I want to know without your help, thanks all the same."

Sandy groaned. "I bet you will . . . that's the deuce of it."

And, in silence, they danced once more around the ballroom of the Bolton Country Club.

Sandy looked down at Pan. That unhappy puppy look of a very young man in love. He knew he hadn't a hope with Pan, he felt she was bored by him, but he stuck it doggedly all the same. And, darn it, she had promised to come with him to the Harvard-Yale game next season.

And while Sandy thought of Pan, and hoped she was not going to get silly about this Quarrender Hale . . . Even though the man was a tennis star, that wasn't anything to get excited about.

Pan thought, "Humph-ha! Must find out more about this Quarrender Hale, the handsome Californian. Wonder who he's coming to visit? And does it matter whom he's visiting so long as he's here?"

Pan smiled slowly. A smile of confidence tinged with excitement . . . Of course, it did not matter whom he was visiting. Just so long as he was in the neighborhood. Pan was confident in her own ability to do the rest.

After the dance, she left Sandy peremptorily, throwing a remark over her shoulder about putting on the good old war paint, and ran along into the Ladies' Locker Room. If there was any information going she knew she would pick it up there. The last had been the supper dance, and the girls of Bolton usually repaired to the locker room at this hour to refreshen their complexions before submitting them to the bright lights of the supper room.

"'Lo, Pan," a pretty brunette half turned as Pan joined her before the long mirror. "I suppose you've heard the latest excitement?"

Pan put on a wise air as she ran a comb through the three huge water waves that slanted across her small, neatly shingled auburn head. "You mean about Quarrender Hale?" she hazarded.

"Of course. I'm just crazy to meet him, aren't you? I saw him play at Forest Hills this year, when he was beaten by Renl in the finals. And I don't believe he would have been beaten if he hadn't twisted his wrist in the first set . . . My dear, he's too divinely handsome."

"Do you think so?" Pan put on a nonchalant air. "I've only seen his photographs, of course, but I thought him a little too obvious, if you know what I mean."

The brunette did not know what she meant. And it's doubtful whether Pan knew herself.

Now Simple To Really Get Rid Of Arm Or Leg Hair

Utterly Without the Problem of Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways.

A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The

Now only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is delayed surprisingly

creation of a noted laboratory, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture.

You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth. The skin, too, is left as soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called Neet—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

Neet *Cream* 37 1/2 *Hair Remover*

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Immaculate cleanliness means too much in sanitary protection, to take chances with doubtful substitutes.

HAVE you ever considered the wonderful protection offered by the name, "Kotex"?

The name "Kotex" is your protection against carelessly manufactured sanitary pads. It is your protection against doubtful cleanliness. It may be your protection against actual health risks!

Remember the name, Kotex. Remember it when tempted to try a substitute of whose makers you know nothing . . . but offered, perhaps, for a few cents less.

Hospitals select Kotex

The security offered by Kotex is beyond price. When your choice is Kotex, you know that even hospitals have nothing finer, more hygienic, to offer their patients.

Indeed, hospitals buy Kotex in huge quantities. Over 10,000,000 pads were used last year by hospitals alone!

But remember, their choice is *genuine* Kotex. Many pads are cleverly made to *look* like Kotex. But the name Kotex is your guarantee of hospital care in making.

Kotex has observed every precaution for your health, as well as comfort. It is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb scientifically, *away* from the surface, which is kept soft, clean and delicate.

It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Rounded corners assure perfect fit.

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IN HOSPITALS . . .

1—The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

2—*Kotex is soft* . . . Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3—*Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.

4—*Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

The new Kotex Belt: 50¢
Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX
Sanitary Napkins

The SECRET of HER SILENCE

"Tell me why you will not marry me," he begged. But she was silent. Unwilling to name his fault. Unable to overlook it

WAS ever a girl in a more heart-breaking position? To refuse his love—and not give the reason! To see him so distressed, so bewildered—and say nothing! Yet how could she accept him? How speak of so intimate, so personal a matter as "B.O."—*body odor!* How excuse it even on so hot a night? No, silence was best.

Danger days for "B. O."

His whole life's happiness wrecked by a hint of "B.O."! Yet he didn't know he was offending. *Neither do we* when we are guilty. Our own sense of smell won't warn us. Even these sweltering summer days when we perspire so freely, we quickly become used to an ever-present odor and *don't realize it's there.* Yet all the time, unsuspected by us, "B.O." may be working against us—spoiling our chances for popularity, success . . . love.

Take no chances!

Don't risk offending on these dangerous "B.O." days. Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap—end all "B.O." worries. Lifebuoy's creamy, searching, abundant lather *purifies* pores, removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent, that vanishes as you rinse—tells you better than words how Lifebuoy *safeguards.*

Was she unjust—unkind? NO! Even the hot summer night couldn't excuse his carelessness about "B.O."

Great for the complexion

Thousands of delighted men and women acclaim Lifebuoy as the finest of all complexion soaps. See for yourself. Massage its pure, bland, penetrating lather well into the face at night. Then rinse away. These simple Lifebuoy "facials" will gently free clogged pores of beauty-robbing impurities—freshen dull, cloudy skins till they glow with healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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Lifebuoy
HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor

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THEY GET IT IN ORANGES !
THEY GET IT IN CARROTS !
THEY GET IT IN
HEINZ RICE FLAKES TOO
-and in no other Rice Flakes
-so insist on Heinz!
THE CEREAL WITH A "VEGETABLE EFFECT"
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RICE FLAKES
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57 VARIETIES
HEINZ RICE FLAKES

YOUR CHILDREN NEED THE CORRECTIVE HELP OF THESE DELICIOUS, CRUNCHY FLAKES—AND SO DO YOU!

LET your children have plenty of Heinz Rice Flakes. And try these crisp, crunchy flakes yourself! For Heinz Rice Flakes have a natural, *laxative* quality that children and grown-ups need. In fact, they do the same mildly laxative work that certain fruits and vegetables do!

Like oranges and carrots, for instance, Heinz Rice Flakes do their regulative work gently—and help healthy people stay healthy. They have what is sometimes called a "corrective vegetable effect"—and they're the *only* rice flakes that do! Don't forget that. It's important.

Make Heinz Rice Flakes a regular part of your children's diet—along with other corrective foods. Serve them for breakfast, every morning. For lunch or supper, too, these delicious flakes will be a welcome change—and your children won't tire of them. For we've made Heinz Rice Flakes every bit as tempting and good as other foods of the famous "57 Varieties". You'll like these flakes, too, and they'll help to keep *you* healthy and well. So begin now to get acquainted with them! . . .

Send for two trial packages—enough for six generous servings—FREE!

We want you and your children to try Heinz Rice Flakes, at no cost to yourself. So we'll send you *two trial packages—enough for six generous servings—free!* Just mail the coupon.

Try the flakes in milk or cream. See how crisp they stay—and how good they taste. And when you're ready for more, order from your grocer. Be sure you get the bright blue and yellow package—for only *Heinz* Rice Flakes can give you the corrective help you need.

We used Nature's wise idea for Heinz Rice Flakes

Nature not only makes her foods delicious, but useful, too. It's an idea that we heartily approve, and we've used it for Heinz Rice Flakes.

These crisp, delicious flakes not only furnish all the energy and body-building elements of rice, but they supply an essential substance found in no other rice flakes. This substance is *cereal-cellulose*—one of the gentlest, mildest, and most effective correctives known to man.

H. J. Heinz Company spent eight years in perfecting the exclusive process by which cereal-cellulose is added to Heinz Rice Flakes. During those eight years, and since then, careful tests have been made. These tests prove that Heinz Rice Flakes have the same corrective quality that Nature gives to some fruits and vegetables. It costs much more to make Heinz Rice Flakes this way. But it costs *you* no more.

FREE!

TWO TRIAL PACKAGES OF HEINZ RICE FLAKES

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Makers of the "57 Varieties"

ONE OF THE 57 VARIETIES

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 14)

the lobes of her ears just showing. . . . Never any hat.

"I don't care if I do freckle," she'd laugh. "What man in these enlightened years will give a nickel for peach blossom beauty? These are the days of personality plus. You've got to be a good sport, you've got to have a good line. You've got to be madder than the maddest and not give a darn what you say, what you do. The more you shock 'em, the more they'll adore you."

Thus Pan's philosophy.

But it wasn't Suzette's philosophy.

Suzette relied upon her beauty and the feeling she inspired in men to protect her

Pan scorned that any man could protect her better than she could protect herself.

Hence their antagonism.

As Pan stood there before the mirror, she suddenly snapped her fingers at the absent Suzette and laughed.

"I'll give you a run for your money, Suzette. You may think you're going to get him, but you're mistaken. I'm going to vamp Quarrender Hale."

Pan had been christened Pandora Penambles, but her friends had done their best by shortening it to Pan. Her father was a retired army Major. Both he and Mrs. Penambles had given up hope of offspring when the great miracle of Pan had occurred to that good lady in her thirty-fifth year. Pan had arrived with the thoughtless unexpectedness she was destined to do most things in life, a week early, while Mrs. Penambles was motoring to the local dog show with the Major. But, despite her precipitate start, the baby Pan had flourished amazingly, was doted over by both father and mother, and named Pandora. Why, was never explained. Mrs. Penambles said, in the vague way she said most things, that she fancied there was some quaint old Greek legend about a girl named Pandora, but she couldn't just remember just what it was. Anyway she thought Pandora Penambles such a pretty name and she hoped no one would shorten it to Pan. And, of course, everyone did. Including Pan.

Mrs. Penambles was sitting reading in the drawing-room when Pan reached home that night. The Major was nursing a gouty foot in bed. Time and again Pan protested against this habit of her mother's of waiting up for her.

"It's no archaic, darling," she'd murmur. "I wish I could shake you out of your old-fashioned notions. They're really ridiculous, with a daughter like me. But I suppose I took you in hand too late."

And she would sigh mockingly, twig her mother's ear, or kiss the top of her graying head. Mrs. Penambles would merely smile placidly and contentedly. As she did smile at everything Pan did, everything Pan said, however, outrageous. Indeed, when any criticism was leveled against her impetuous daughter, Mrs. Penambles always swept it aside with a murmured, "Oh, but really you mustn't mind Pan. Pan always does things like that. She doesn't mean any harm—bless her."

Tonight, when she entered the drawing-room, Pan wore an absorbed air. Mrs. Penambles, glancing up from her book, felt apprehensive. Things, disturbing things, had happened before when Pan looked like that.

Pan flung herself down on the arm of the couch. It creaked in protest.

"I wish you wouldn't do that, Pandora. The springs won't stand it," Mrs. Penambles said mildly.

"Well, they've been standing it for donkey's years now," Pan remarked philosophically. "Don't fuss, Mummy dear. Tell me, did you know about a party Professor and Mrs. Guernsey are giving for their nephew, Quarrender Hale?"

"No, I hadn't heard," said Mrs. Penambles looking vaguely contrite. "But I haven't seen much of Mrs. Guernsey since—since the charity bazaar. You know, I mixed up the accounts somehow. I'm afraid she was a little upset."

Pan chuckled. "More fool her to have made you Hon. Treasurer, darling. Everyone knows how deliciously vague you are, bless you. But don't worry about the party. I am going anyhow."

Mrs. Penambles looked mildly surprised. "But you haven't been invited, have you?"

Pan sprang off the arm of the couch and laughed. A pleasant tinkly laugh.

"No. I haven't been invited. But I will be, darling. And by the lion of the occasion. I'm willing to bet my last cent on that!"

She was still laughing as she fled up the stairs to her room at the top of the house. A cubby hole of a room, right up in the turret. A room with big windows giving a vista of distant hills with silver night caps, of a stream that cut through like a gleaming steel sword, of downy fields like soft black velvet. Pan knelt on the cushioned window seat, sitting back on her heels. A wavering moon ray crept up the wall and lighted a picture stuck by a pin to the side of her dressing table. A picture, cut from a newspaper, of a tall, square-jawed man in tennis flannels receiving a back-hand drive.

Pandora looked up at that picture a long time, then turning her head she smiled at the moon. Something a little wicked in that smile of hers.

"I believe you're in for it, Quarrender Hale," she murmured happily.

The moon smiled back. Perhaps in anticipation of the joke to come. Or, more probably, because there's a man in the moon.

CHAPTER II.

The Chase In On.

QUARRENDER Hale arrived in High Wick in a red roadster. It came roaring past the Penambles home close on sixty miles an hour. Pan, having heard he was due to arrive about two, was looking out of the sitting-room window, casually, but of course, not casually, if you know what I mean. She caught a fleeting glimpse of a long, low roadster of a glaring, unrepentant shade of red; a big man, hatless, hunched over the wheel, some bags and tennis rackets jammed into the rumble seat. That was all. But it was enough. The prey had arrived. The chase was on!

Pan swung away from the window. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror which hung over the mantleshelf. That mantleshelf was one of the banes of Pan's existence. Overloaded, as it was, by impossible nicknacks. A miniature rickshaw, carved in ivory; heavy brass candlesticks, representing two snakes, two fat wooden elephants, black lacquered, one with a tusk missing and the other minus an eye; a silver pagoda; a tiny Indian totem pole; some Mexican silver work, not to mention a christening mug of Pan's.

Pan would have swept the whole lot into the dust bin. She hated nicknacks, liking plain unencumbered shelves; straight modern furniture. But Mrs. Penambles had a sentimental regard for each one of these ornaments, and refused to sacrifice them.

This afternoon Pan looked herself over in the mirror critically. She saw—a squarish little face, tip tilted nose, slightly freckled, a small mouth, the curve of the lips faintly emphasized by paint. Not a strictly beautiful face, but an engaging, impudent face, full of vivacity; a face that provoked you, that made you say exciting things just to watch the expressions chase themselves across it, like the gay varying cadences of a jazz melody. A face brimful of life and personality. And, nowadays, wasn't that of more importance than beauty? Pan was sure of it. She ran her fingers through her three huge waves and gave a satisfied little chuckle.

"You haven't Suzette's beauty, my dear, but beauty, to my way of thinking, is more a handicap than a blessing. You're apt to rely too much upon it. It may help you in the beginning — but ten to one it lets you down in the end!"

So saying, Pan ran up to her room to collect her weapons. And, today, her particular weapon happened to be a darling tennis frock in white linen, banded in green, and a green crepe kerchief knotted on the shoulder. Green was Pan's best color.

Later that afternoon, as Pan arrived at the Dolton Country Club in her blue sports roadster, the first person she saw was Quarrender Hale. He was lounging against a pillar on the wide, shady veranda, idly watching a set of tennis.

Pan saw, in that first moment, that the newspaper photos had not flattered him. They had scarcely done him justice, in fact. He was decidedly handsome and immensely tall, a hulking figure of a man, powerfully built with a deep bronze skin. His hair was brown, brushed straight back; his eyes, brown too, while his mouth, if a little hard, had a humorous twist to it.

As she parked her car and got out she had a feeling that Quarrender Hale's eyes were upon her. Indeed, as she walked on up the drive she knew they were. Lazy, amused, slightly cynical eyes. He looked at her longer, and harder, than is strictly polite. Then, as though having found out all he wished to know about her, his glance wandered back to the tennis.

Pan smiled to herself. "You may think you have finished with me, my dear, but I haven't finished with you, not by a long shot."

Following her usual method of attack, Pan walked straight up to Quarrender.

"Well, has the handsome bronzed hero a smile for poor, insignificant little me?"

But her smile, her bad child smile, dared him to presume that she was insignificant.

Quarrender didn't.

He made her a slightly mocking bow. "The handsome hero is honored, dear lady. Shall we pass over the opening passages about my having met you in my dreams and get down to brass tacks? Who are you, and more important, why should you wish to know me?"

"Need you ask that?" she laughed back at him. "Don't you know you are the most interesting male who, for many a long day, has dawned on our local horizon? Every girl in town is out to annex you, but, as you see, I'm getting in right ahead of them!"

She wondered what effect this would have upon Quarrender. Some men were flustered, others flattered, by her frankness. In the pause, Quarrender looked her over critically.

"I guess you're going to succeed," he remarked at last, and, although his face was serious, his brown eyes laughed at her. "And if I'm to play tame cat to the local beauty — for I'm sure you are the local beauty — would it be indelicate to inquire your name?"

Pan dropped him a pert curtsey.

"Pandora Penambles, kind sir, quoth she."

"Pandora," he mused. "The fascinating little lady who lifted the lid and let all the sins out into the world? Well, I don't know you yet, but I'm willing to swear it's not a misnomer . . . Pandora Penambles. You ought to go into musical comedy with a name like that."

"And you ought to be building bridges with a name like Quarrender Hale. Doing all sorts of useful things instead of hanging around lawn tennis courts," she flashed back at him.

A light that might have been admiration flickered in Quarrender's eyes. "This is a girl after my own heart or I'm much mistaken," they seemed to say. "Checkmate!" he grinned. "Well, what about a cooling drink and afterwards a drive in the good old roadster? Then all your girl friends can look through their windows and see you have nabbed the social lion, first shot, too."

He smiled down at her in lazy amusement as he led her to one of the gaily painted tables on the club veranda.

"Do you put a halter around my neck and attach me to your slender wrist?" he asked. "Do I roar and prance and do my tricks? Please instruct me, I haven't much experience."

But you can't keep up a line forever. It's foolish to try. So, as the waiter brought them lime squashes, they chatted in a natural, friendly fashion. Pan told him a lot about herself, in a frank, engaging way. Because she expected him to be interested, he was interested. And, though afterwards he couldn't remember the details, he got a vivid impression of Pan at varying stages of her short career. The child Pan, a dare-devil tomboy child, who should have been put over her father's knees and spanked, but wasn't spanked, so grew worse as she grew older. The schoolgirl Pan, who had arrived home on two separate occasions from select ladies' seminaries with polite little notes from the head mistress to the effect that her presence wasn't hungered for the following term. "Pandora is undoubtedly clever," one of these good ladies had written, "but I fear for her moral character unless she is taken firmly in hand. We feel that a parent's influence at such a time . . ." So Pan had been left at home with a private tutor; a series of private tutors. The only one Pan had allowed to remain was a meek lady, who, undoubtedly, would have gone the way of the rest, had Pan not discovered she was the only support of a crippled sister.

Then there was the girl Pan, as she was now, nineteen, an excellent dancer, a fair tennis player, a demon driver and a devastating influence on those of the male sex she chose to annex.

"In fact," remarked Quarrender when she had finished, "your whole history could be summed up in the words of a song I used to dance to several seasons ago. The first line went, 'Let a lady confess she wants to be bad.'"

Pan grimaced.

"I don't want to be bad. I just want to be myself. To act as I like. Enjoy myself as I like and not give a fig for conventions."

Quarrender raised his eyebrows in mock surprise. "And with these original ideas you manage to live in a small town?"

Pan looked up at him quickly. She could not decide whether or not he was making fun of her. Had she sounded a bit childish—blurting all that out to him? It was a new thought for Pan. Somehow Quarrender managed to give her a slight feeling of inferiority. Not that she would have admitted to it for one single moment.

"I thought in these enlightened days one could be modern even if one did live in a small town," she countered.

Quarrender sipped his drink thoughtfully. "Modern?" he queried, cocking one eye at her. "What girl really wants to be modern at heart? Now, confess the truth, Pandora Penambles, don't you secretly yearn for a bridal veil? Don't you long to promise to love, honor and obey some strong, silent male who will give you a home and a couple of children?"

Pan laughed scornfully. "That's what all men think. I suppose it flatters their vanity. But they're wrong. I don't want to be fat and married for years and years, if ever, amen. I don't see any fun being tied to one man for the rest of your life. I won't stay on a shelf and let life pass me by—for that's what marriage boils down to, isn't it? I want the madness of life. I want to experience all sorts of thrilling things. I want to live gloriously and recklessly . . ."

(Continued on Page 17)

Advertisement

FRECKLES

Get Rid of Those Ugly Foes of a Fair Skin

Even the fairest-skinned women need no longer dread the sun and wind. Though they cause one freckle to appear, a few simple applications of Othine will soon remove the last trace of them. Get an ounce of Othine from any chemist or toilet counter and see what a difference it will make in your appearance. It is guaranteed to remove freckles and to leave the skin clear and beautiful.

NANCE O'NEIL Who would dream, looking at this photograph taken in 1930, that she is over 45! "Stage and screen stars cherish complexion beauty," she says. "It's *youth* that wins hearts!"

"I'm over 45!" SAYS NANCE O'NEIL

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Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 16)

"And if you get landed on the rocks?" Quarrender interrupted her.

"Why I shall just pick up the pieces and stick 'em together with laughing glue," she told him airily. "But I'm not worried. I've scraped through too many tight places as it is."

Quarrender smiled slowly across at her. "I admire your confidence, Pandora. Tell me one thing more. What place have men in the scheme of your life?"

Pan looked at him sidewavs "Do you mean all men, or, maybe, one particular man?"

"I mean the particular man—for the moment," he told her. "If he isn't to be a husband—what is he to be?"

Pan answered readily. She had reasoned it out and knew what she wanted, or thought she did.

"I'd want him to be a darn good pal. Ready to do all the mad things I want to do. Play with me, amuse me, even—flirt a little with me."

"I'm glad you added that last," Quarrender remarked cryptically. And they both smiled. And were even a little embarrassed. So, to break a tiny sense of strain Quarrender signed for the drinks and suggested: "Now for the tri umphant procession. Only, instead of chaining me to the wheel, you will have to permit your humble captive to sit beside you."

Pan laughed, admitting, "I believe you have a better line than I have, Quarrender Hale. . . ."

Driving through the green, gently undulating countryside, they spoke of tennis. Inevitably, since Quarrender had just won the doubles at Forest Hills with the Southerner Ted Willard. Many said but for the accident to his wrist, he would have given Reni, the Frenchman, a good run for his laurels.

Pan said challengingly, "It was tough luck about your wrist. I heard, but for that, you stood a good chance of beating the little Frenchman."

Quarrender smiled. "Don't you believe it. I never stood a ghost of a chance. Reni played a marvellous game. I played as well as I could. I don't see that the wrist made a part cle of difference."

Pan thought. "He is nice, really." And added illogically, "How nice I'm a little afraid. . . ."

But why talk of tennis? Tennis was interesting, but themselves were more interesting. The red roadster swept on, the sun dipped lower, and the sky came to rival the red of the car. On the slope of a hill Quarrender slowed down the roadster, drawing it to the side of the road.

He opened his cigarette case "Do you smoke, Pandora?"

"Of course . . . And please call me Pan."

"Why? I like Pandora. Something mysterious and alluring about it. D'you know, you remind me of the original Pandora. She who was so curious to see what was in that box. And I guess, under the circumstances, you would have been too. She is responsible for all our sins, I'm told. Yet, without sin, what a dull place this world would be!" He turned his head and looked at her, a curious smile in his eyes "I bet you're responsible for a few sins yourself, my modern Pandora. Although your sins, I'm sure, are just bad child sins. Sins you ought to be spanked for and put to bed without any supper."

And under his amused cynical e . Pan was conscious of a ' . . sense of inferiority. Much I amazed her, she rather en- d it.

While they smoked, Pan curled herself in the corner of the car, tucking her white sandaled feet beneath the warmth of her little- bo body. She leaned back her head, letting the lazy breeze stir the waves in her hair and send the ends of her green scarf floating like gay flags behind her.

"This is—rather nice," she said slowly

Quarrender smiled lazily "Yes, isn't it?" He added. You are rather nice, Pandora. Are you willing to play around with me while I'm here?"

"Of course." Pan scorned feminine wiles. "You never had a hope not to play around with me, Quarrender." She smiled up at him impishly

Quarrender said, "I like you when you talk like that, child It's the tonic I need. And I do want a playmate. Chucking modesty to the winds, I'm fed to the teeth with girls who think only of love and how they can best catch a husband."

"How you must have suffered!" she mocked lightly.

But he would not give her the satisfaction of getting a rise out of him.

"Of course, I've suffered," he told her. "What man doesn't suffer? You're always on your guard with the usual girl . . . I know one shouldn't admit it We men are not supposed to notice it even." And he grinned crookedly

Since she could think of no snappy come-back, she said, "Well, I'm glad I'm not the usual girl."

There was a slight pause. Quarrender chucked one cigarette out on to the road and lit another. But Pan knew that sideways he was looking at her keenly. That time he did not try to hide the admiration in his eyes.

"No, Pandora, you're not at all usual — thank heaven," he said slowly.

And Pan, who despised girls who flushed easily, found to her horror she was flushing herself.

CHAPTER III.

Suzette.

SUZETTE MORAY was holding court. A collection of young men and women were gathered about her at the "Sign of the Green Cat Coffee Shoppe" in a Greenwich Village side street. Suzette was usually to be found at this table about supper time, idly turning the pages of some magazine, theatrical by preference, smoking one cigarette after another in a long jade holder.

Occasionally she would glance up and say to her chum, Lorna Grosvenor, who ran the restaurant, "Want me to help you, darling?"

And Lorna, who adored Suzette, but who knew that their friendship would never hold five minutes if she had wanted Suzette to do anything, always returned briefly, "No, there's nothing to be done, really, Suzette. You just sit there and amuse yourself until the crowd arrives."

Suzette's glance would wander back to the magazine, while Lorna continued placing gay vases of flowers on bright orange tables, or putting new blue candles in green-painted holders.

Suzette was so pretty. People always had done things for Suzette. Probably they always would. A soft, silken prettiness that made men want to stroke and protect her.

She had first come to New York to study for the stage. She liked to call herself an actress, although the only time she had appeared professionally was in some high-brow play at a small arts theatre

In New York Suzette shared the apartment over the Coffee Shoppe with her old college chum, Lorna. Once in a while she deigned to interview a few theatrical agents, but if these gentlemen suggested a tour, she would raise her daintily plucked eyebrows and sigh, "Oh, I know I wish Mother would let me tour. I've had the most marvellous offers, but she refuses to hear of it." In time the theatrical agents lost interest. But Suzette did not care. Her acting was merely the excuse she offered her parents for remaining in New York

Tonight, supper over, the usual crowd had drifted to Suzette's table. She was in her element She lived on admiration She believed every compliment. She loved the free and easy life of the set she moved in.

"Isn't it just too awful," she was saying to a bored-looking youth in a black velvet coat, "I've got to go up to Bolton tomorrow. Mother insists. Her great friend, Mrs. Guernsey, is giving a party for some nephew from the West The two old schemers have made a match of us, already. Isn't it a scream?"

The bored-looking youth lit his cigarette from the blue flickering candle. "I'd like to see you in the embrace of some raw hewman," he shortied. "Wild to talk through his nose and wear hobnailed boots? Does he lasso cows for a living?"

"Not quite as bad as that," Suzette murmured. "I believe he's quite rich and he plays tennis. I think Mother said his name was Quarrender Hale."

Now, although she said it in such a nonchalant way, Suzette was really quite thrilled at the prospect of meeting the famous Californian. She would not have missed that party for worlds.

The bored-looking youth, despite his attire, was not quite a fool.

"Quarrender Hale, eh?" he murmured. "He's a big guy. Say, Suzette, you don't expect us to believe you aren't crazy to meet a real hero?"

Suzette smiled at him She shut her lips tightly and funny little crinkles ran up her cheekbones. "My dear man," she countered, "have you seen his pictures" He's so disgustingly virile. I'm sure he hasn't a brain in his head."

"Brains or no brains, I think in their secret hearts girls still hunger for the he-man type," another man observed. "Intelligence is all very well, but it's brute force that really thrills 'em"

Suzette laughed as she accepted a cigarette from the man beside her. "I adore hearing men talk about girl's preferences and girl's likes. It's killing. Never do they come within a hundred miles of the truth. . . ."

She might have said more. So might he. It was the sort of talk they indulge in at the Sign of the Green Cat. But there came an interruption. A tall, thin man was standing just inside the doorway. He had entered unobserved within the last few minutes. And now, with a slightly twisted smile, he remarked to the group at the table

"Hello, everybody. As you see—I'm back."

The group about Suzette turned, as one, to look at him.

"Why, it's Rake. Good old Rake." A chorus of voices. And hands, friendly, eager hands, were stretched toward him. Faces smiled at him. All except one face — and that face had turned deathly white of a sudden and the supercilious little smile had dropped from it, as though a mask had slipped. Just for a moment —the next, Suzette was smiling again and calling with the others: "Where the deuce have you been all this time, Rake? And why haven't we heard from you?"

"Little sail down to Florida in a friend's yacht," Rake Dawson said laconically. "But I got bored and arrived back in New York this evening. I imagined, somehow, I'd find you all here."

The next minute, somehow, he was sitting beside Suzette. Someone had made way for him, as though it was his right. Then, having achieved his object, he turned his back on the crowd of them in the typical Rake way, and addressed himself entirely to Suzette. Rude of him? Of course. Rake always was rude — intentionally. And he got away with it.

Rake Dawson was not handsome. His face was too long and thin, his mouth over-large and crooked. It gave him a lop-sided expression. He was tall, thin, and dressed foppishly. But he had a way with women. They liked him. Indeed, in Rake's twenty-five years too many women had liked him, and liked him too well.

Suzette had

But now she was trying to tell herself that was all in the past. Of course it was—since the Winter.

"Well, well, little Suzette! Such a surprise. Whoever would have dreamt of my meeting you here?" But she knew as well as he did, that he was mocking her

Her eyes fell. She felt hot—at a loss. Rake had a way of blasting her self-confidence. Why had he come back? What power had he over her that she should feel like this, when only a few minutes ago, she had been so secure?

She said faintly, so faintly that no one heard but he: "You promised to stay away . . ."

And he interrupted, his voice just as low: "Wasn't that asking a little too much, my dear?"

She did not reply. The next moment, they were drawn into the general conversation. But, while she talked of casual things, and tried to be hard and bright and flippant, there was panic inside her. What would happen—now Rake was back?

Someone said, the someone who always does say the tactless thing

"Say, Rake, have you heard? Suzette's going up to Bolton tomorrow to meet the tennis player, Quarrender Hale. It seems her people and his have made a match of it. Isn't it beautifully old-fashioned? I could weep."

Rake — he had been christened Raymond, but in early youth he had been nicknamed Rake and it had stuck to him—looked at Suzette. And, just for a moment, his blue eyes blazed black and his hand that held the cigarette shook slightly.

"That so?" he murmured

Suzette forced a light laugh. Seeing Rake again had unnerved her, but now she was getting herself more under control. Whatever happened she did not want a repetition of those ghastly hectic months of the Winter.

"Yes, amusing isn't it?" she laughed. "But sometimes, these things have a queer habit of working out. Who knows—next time we meet I may be Mrs. Quarrender Hale?"

Rake smiled too. A curious smile.

"I don't think so, my dear," he said slowly. "And after all, I gather you haven't met the gentleman yet. Why do you think he'll fall for you?"

Suzette chose to be flippant "Oh, he's sure to. How could he fail to—stuck away in a one-horse town like Bston. I'll be like a draught of cool water to a man dying of thirst in the desert!"

Towards twelve, the others drifted away. Rke stayed. Suzette had knowrall along that he would. And he could not do anything abo it. Now they were facing each other across the little painted table with the gaffia mats

"Come rond to my studio just for a little while," he urged "D'you know, until I arrived this afternoon,the place hadn't been touched sce that night . . . you remember that night?"

Suzette went a little white The rouge o her face stood out grotesque) It gave her the air of a paind Dutch doll.

"D'rt, Rake," her voice was stifle

Haughed, refusing to have pity n her "Yes, even the little picture you smashed was still lyi in bits . . . You remember thstatue of the pretty little mel? Jove, I can still see you tossing it on the floor, stamp t upon it. Gad, you were mad

And you were lovely in your sad anger, Suzette. I admit I ple modelled her to make you jealous, though I don't suppose you'll believe me."

But the mention of the little model and if it had only been one little model she knew she would have forgiven him — stiffened Suzette's resolution to finish this talk. After all everything had been finished between them, months ago.

She jumped up from the table, murmuring, "I'm going up stairs, my train leaves early in the morning."

"Don't go yet." He caught her arm, twisting it until he made her listen to him. "D'you know, one thing I learnt while I was away, Suzette? That you meant more to me than the rest . . . much more, dear."

But already Suzette had pulled away from him. When next she spoke she was half-way up the twisting staircase that led to the next floor

"It's no use, Rake. As I told you that night . . . I'd never be happy with—your sort of love

I'm not the type who loves lightly . . . If I loved a man I'd want to marry him. And he'd have to be the sort of man who wanted me—for keeps".

"A man, I presume, such as this Quarrender Hale." Rake taunted her.

(Continued on Page 19)

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 12)

excitedly. - "I've never seen him without that stick of his, and it could crack a skull same as you'd crack a nut with a hammer. I'll bet that's why you asked what you did about his playing golf, Mr. Lane."

"You've guessed it, Mac. That was in the back of my mind. A blow at the base of the skull such as that might have been struck from below at the end of a swing, similar to a drive in golf."

"Very clever," admitted the Chief, "but it doesn't tell us how he got out of the room and yet left the door bolted on the inside."

"No," Jimmy began, then paused. "By Jove! It does give me an idea! I wish you'd send for Singh."

As an assistant left the room to fetch the servant, Jimmy moved toward the door and began inspecting the bolt, his eyes alight with some inner excitement. "It's quite possible that this was not locked on the night of the murder."

"Not locked?" The Chief was plainly bewildered. "But we know that it was. Both the Colonel and Singh insist that they found it that way the next morning."

"The Colonel may be lying and Singh may be taking his word. It all depends on who came up to call Grant Tuesday noon, and who held the handle while they were forcing the door."

"I don't get what you mean."

"You will in a minute. Suppose the Colonel killed his brother Monday night, then went downstairs, leaving this door unlocked. Suppose the next day when Grant did not appear for lunch he saw to it that he was the one to come up and investigate. When he called Singh to help break in he had only to hold the handle of the door tight, with the metal tongue in a locked position instead of turned back, in order to make it seem like a bolted door to the other."

"But the bolt is torn loose from the door jamb."

"Yes; but we've no way of knowing that it wasn't done deliberately the night before—with the trick I've just told you, in mind. Or it might even have been done after the body was discovered."

"By heaven, I believe you're right!" McCarthy struck his thigh. "The Colonel has always been my candidate."

"Hush!" Jimmy was listening. "Here's Singh now. We'll see what we can get from him."

The East Indian was already on the landing at the head of the stairs, his linen suit gleaming ghostly white against the blackness of the stair well. "You sent for me, sar?" He addressed the group impartially, his dark face imperturbable as ever.

"Yes." Jimmy motioned him into the room. "There's one or two things that we'd like to ask about the morning when you and Colonel Grant found the body."

Singh had moved across the threshold and was standing just inside the door. "I will tell you what I can, sar."

"Then tell me who first came up to call Mr. Grant."

"It was the Colonel. When the master did not appear at lunch he said he would come up here and find out what was the matter."

"Then he called you to help him break in?"

"Yes, sar. The door was bolted and he could not open it alone."

"I suppose," Jimmy was lighting a cigarette with great casualness, "I suppose you tried turning the handle?"

For a moment the man hesitated, then shook his head. "No, sar. The Colonel was already battering against the door and I did not stop to try it."

Jimmy and the Chief exchanged glances. "Did you notice the bolt after you smashed in?" Jimmy asked. "I mean if it was broken?"

"No, sar. I was thinking only of the master and then, too, as soon as we were in the room Mowgli jumped on me."

"Mowgli? Who is that?" the Chief questioned.

"Mowgli is Mr. Grant's monkey, sar."

"You mean to say there was a monkey in the room?"

"Yes, sar. He was beside the body when we broke in."

"Where is he?" Hemming was plainly excited. "I want to have a look at him."

"I will get him."

Singh moved noiselessly from the room and for a moment everyone talked at once. I suppose our minds were reverting to "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," with its gigantic and murderous ape, for at Singh's reentrance there was a unanimous gasp followed by involuntary laughter. Huddled down on Singh's shoulder was a tiny marmoset no larger than a six-months-old kitten. Looking at it, I suddenly remembered the strange spider-like shadow that had seemed to run up the ivy covered wall the first night we had come to the house.

"So you're Mowgli!" Jimmy put out his hand and the little creature twined a tiny brown claw about the index finger. "I'm afraid you're too small to have committed a murder."

The native rolled his eyes and for the first time his teeth showed in a quick smile. "No, sar, Mowgli would not have hurt the master."

"All right," Jimmy seemed to have lost interest in the little beast, "you can take him away, Singh."

"Very good, sar." The East Indian left the room, and, as his steps died on the stair, McCarthy spoke excitedly.

"I've got it, Chief! It was the monkey pulled the bolt and locked the door! You needn't laugh," he swung on Jimmy, who had dropped into a chair and was shaking helplessly, "I've read lots funnier things than that."

"So have I," Jimmy agreed with him. "I've not only read 'em, I've written 'em. But we're not dealing with fiction right now, worse luck! This is cold, hard fact."

"Well, what's wrong with my idea?" McCarthy's voice sounded grieved, and Jimmy patted his arm comfortingly.

Nothing. It's a grand thought, and if I knew my way about Doubting Sherlock Holmes got there before you. The only trouble is, in this case, the bolt is not only heavy but also fits in its socket. You can see for yourself what a lot of force it would take to slide it. That little creature has almost no strength in its paw and couldn't possibly manage it. In addition to that, you've got the difficulty of training a monkey to shoot a bolt and then being sure he does it at exactly the right moment."

"Well...perhaps you're right." McCarthy was plainly loath to give up his idea. "But it would sure help a lot if it was so."

The Chief dropped down into a chair. "I've got to get back to headquarters," he said. "Before I go let's run over this thing and see where we stand. Ignoring the question of motives, there are a number of people who might have come into this room last night and committed the murder."

He picked up a pencil and began to write:

1. Colonel Grant.
2. Singh.
3. Mrs. Chapman.
4. Stoddard.
5. Dr. Waverly.
6. Lalah.
7. Chanda Steeb.
8. Otto Steeb (?)

"I put a question mark after Steeb because we know that he was incapable of climbing the stairs. Of this entire list, we have an explanation which covers the bolting of that door only in the case of Colonel Grant. I'm bound to admit that your theory sounds plausible to me, Lane. It's the nearest approach to an explanation which has been devised as yet."

"It seems feasible to me, too," Jimmy confessed. "But, of course, there's a lot we want to find out before we spring any accusations. In the first place, I'd like a report on Grant's relations with his family as a whole; second, on his money affairs and his will; finally, I want to know more about the Colonel's past in India."

The Chief looked doubtful. "That will take a good deal of time. Especially the stuff about India."

"Not necessarily. I'll put Corrigan on the trail and if that red-headed Irishman doesn't sleuth some facts out of the Indian colony, I'll eat my hat."

"Very well, I'll leave that to you. Meantime, my men can check on the other things." The Chief rose and was picking up his hat when the telephone rang. He answered it, and, a moment later, when he turned to us, his brows were drawn into a puzzled frown. "Now that," he said, "complicates things a bit more. It's your friend Stoddard calling from Headquarters."

"Headquarters? You don't mean to say you've had him taken up?"

"No; he hurried down there with some news. It seems that girl of his has just received an anonymous letter."

"About those papers of Grant's," Jimmy spoke positively and the Chief looked surprised.

"How did you know?"

"Merely a guess. I've been expecting something of the sort ever since we found they were gone. Did the letter suggest they might be returned to her?"

"Yes; at a price. It told her to hold herself ready for a message which would be sent later."

"Hurrah!" McCarthy was executing a triumphant double shuffle on the carpeted floor. "Now all we got to do is to nab the bird who wrote that letter and we'll have the guy who did the murder."

Jimmy picked up his hat and was moving toward the door; on the threshold he paused.

"I hate to dash all your pretty hopes, Mac," he said, "but you're doomed to disappointment. The fellow who did this murder is too clever to be caught."

"Don't worry, we'll catch him all right," said McCarthy. "With that letter we can't go wrong."

"You may get the man who wrote the letter," Jimmy told him, "but, take my word for it, if he's stupid enough to let himself be caught that way, he's too stupid to have committed this murder."

A moment later he was running down the stairs.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Colonel is Suspected.

WHEN we reached the street we found that darkness had fallen and the fog had grown so thick that the street lamp was only a luminous spot in the midst of ghostly grayness. The cypress trees above the retaining wall were weighted down with moisture which dripped like tears from the ends of their branches. Seen dimly through the mist, they resembled grotesque, crepe-veiled mourners at a wake, and the distant moan of the fog-horns formed a dirge-like accompaniment. As we moved down the sidewalk Jimmy looked back at the house and shook his head.

"I don't like it, Phil," he said. "I don't like it at all. This whole business has got me worried."

"You mean this development about Norah?"

"Good heaven, no! There's nothing remarkable about that. So long as those papers were kicking around we could expect someone to make use of them. What I mean is the place itself, and the feeling it gives me of ominous presentiment. It's too much like a stage set for a play. So far we've had only one act—but something tells me there is more to follow." He broke off with a forced laugh at his own expense. "Don't listen to me, Phil, I'm as nervous and as full of fool intuitions as a woman. When I've got one of Friday's dinners inside me I'll feel better."

At the apartment we found Norah waiting with Stoddard. Friday was setting places for four.

Over the fruit cocktail Norah gave us an account of the blackmailing letter. "It came in the noon mail," she said, "but I was out with the company and didn't see it until I reached home."

"Have you got it with you?" Jimmy asked.

"No; the police wanted it to look over, but I'm afraid they won't find much. It's typed on ordinary paper with a purple-black ribbon and the envelope, unfortunately, was destroyed."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, being in the movie business, I get an awful lot of mail and my maid usually opens it for me. The envelopes that have no addresses she chucks out. By the time I discovered what was in the letter the envelope had been burned."

"The police may be able to get something out of the typing," I suggested. "They have experts who can identify machines."

"Yes," the girl sounded dubious, "but there must be an awful lot of typewriters in a city as large as San Francisco."

"Not many in the Grant house," Jimmy said meaningly.

"You think the letter came from there?"

"Not a doubt of it, but which of 'em sent it—that's the question."

"I think it was that horrid Colonel," Norah declared.

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing, except that he's got a perfectly vile temper. I heard him cursing Harlan Grant once when I came up to the seance room, unexpectedly, and another time I thought I saw him strike Singh, but I can't be sure whether it was him or his brother. They looked rather alike and the hall was dark."

Jimmy suddenly changed the subject. "And that maid of yours, how long has she been with you?"

"I don't know exactly...I should say about two years."

"I suppose she knows a lot about your private affairs?"

"She certainly does. Clara's more than a maid...she's a sort of secretary and dresser combined. Buys my clothes, orders train tickets when we're traveling and manages things for me generally."

"You said you couldn't remember how you got started going to Grant. Isn't it possible she suggested it?"

Norah looked astonished, then thoughtful. "I think you're right! I got Clara when I was playing in San Francisco and, I remember now, it was she who told me about Grant. He'd given some good advice to a woman Clara worked for."

"I thought so." Jimmy nodded wisely. "It's not particularly important, but that's probably

(Continued on Page 19)

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Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 18)

where Grant got his information about you."

"I'm sure of it!" Norah's eyes were snapping dangerously. "Clara used to drive up there with me sometimes and she often talked with Singh while she was waiting."

"She was probably slipping him information . . . for a consideration," Stoddard remarked disgustedly. "Personally, I never liked the woman, even tried to get Norah to discharge her. By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Don't you think she may be in cahoots with the one who's doing the blackmailing?"

"Possibly. She may have burned that envelope by chance and, then, again it may have been prearranged. We'll just keep an eye on her and see if she communicates with anyone from the Grant house."

"Don't you believe it's the Colonel who has those papers?"

"I'd like to think so," said Jimmy musingly, "because he's the easiest man to pick, but if you've ever read a detective novel you know it's always the guy you never thought of who's guilty."

"Then it's the Doctor," I said. "Nobody's mentioned him."

"It might be, at that. He was pretty much in Grant's confidence and he had access to the study after his death. He could easily have taken the stuff from the files. That's the main trouble with the problem," he added irritably. "In the 24 hours before the police came on the scene almost anyone might have got at those files."

Something suddenly flashed across my mind. "Do you remember that night we went up there to see the Colonel . . . the night after Grant's death? There was a light in the study."

"Yes; I've been thinking of that. I shouldn't be surprised if the papers were taken at that time."

"Then it couldn't have been the Colonel because he appeared from the next house, you remember."

"I remember perfectly," said Jimmy, and grinned in a way which told me he was thinking of the Colonel's language. "But I also remember that we rang for about five minutes before he showed up. He had plenty of time to slide out the back door and through his own house. Anyway, we know the Colonel went through the files—he told us so himself."

"It might just as easily have been Singh," Stoddard suggested. "He must have known a lot about Grant's affairs."

"Yes," Jimmy agreed. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised to find that Singh was at the bottom of the thing . . . or the Colonel . . . or the Doctor, so far as that goes. Even the Colonel's daughter might have slipped into the room and helped herself."

"What about finger prints?" Stoddard asked. "Are we going to get anything out of them?"

"Afraid not. McCarthy says they're all over the place, but they're all legitimate. Of course, the family were in and out of that room constantly and those seance people were there all evening."

"How about that stone god?"

"Nothing there—not even the Colonel's. But it's not a good surface—too porous for prints." Jimmy sighed and shook his head over the excellent chicken a la King which Friday had just placed before him. "I suppose we'll have to be patient until we get a little more evidence."

"Well, I'm the baby that's got it for you!" Everyone jumped when a voice spoke from the door, and Norah dropped her fork, then laughed nervously as Corrigan came into the room. His plump face was damp and he blinked tiny drops of moisture from his eyelashes as he stood looking about the room. "Beastly fog outside," he began, "like cotton wool." He suddenly caught sight of Norah. "I beg pardon, J. L. . . . didn't know you were having a party."

"It's not a party," Jimmy explained. "It's more in the nature of an inquest. This is Miss Fallon."

"You needn't introduce her," Corrigan chuckled. "She's heaven's gift to the newspaper boys."

Corrigan turned to Jimmy. "I've got enough stuff on this murder to keep me writing for the next ten years . . . provided I'm ever allowed to spill it."

"Which you won't be," said Jimmy calmly, "if I have my way. Did you get what I wanted?"

"Sure did." Corrigan advanced to the table, his round face wreathed in smiles at the sight of food, as Friday automatically set a place for him between Jimmy and Stoddard. "I've been digging around and some old timers from India and what I picked up on your friend the Colonel, is spicy."

"Tough hombre, eh?"

"A ten-minute egg! And you were right about the commission, J. L.; he isn't a Colonel, and never was one."

Jimmy explained to us quickly. "There's always been something fishy about the Colonel. His carriage isn't that of a man who's spent thirty years in the army." He turned to Corrigan. "So he's not an officer at all?"

"Not any more. He got as far as a Captain but they broke him for bashing a non-com over the head with a walking stick. That was way back in the nineties and he's been hanging around India ever since."

"Doing what?"

"Lending money. He specialized in broke subalterns and half-pay officers with sick wives at something like seventy per cent per annum. Of course, he didn't sport the 'Colonel' over there; that was a brilliant inspiration on this side."

"Sounds like a regular blackguard. Did you find out anything about the daughter?"

"Yes . . . all good. She seems to be straight as they make 'em. She didn't have much to do with her father until they came over here because she was put in a mission school when her mother died."

"Who was her mother?"

"Nobody seems to know much about her, except that she was foreign . . . by that I mean not English. The girl must be a peach. The fellows at the club said she'd often stood up against her father when he was coming down heavy on some poor devil who owed him money."

"How about her husband?"

"Steeb? Oh, he appears to be all right . . . although how he managed to marry her is a mystery. They tell me he's a regular devil to live with, but mentally he's considerable of a man."

"And the Doctor?"

"Nothing much to report on him except that he served his time in India, then retired and followed Grant over here. I couldn't get a lot on the servants, either. Singh has been with Grant ever since early days in India. Lalah, his wife, acted as lady's maid—'amah' they call it over there—to Mrs. Waverly, the Doctor's wife, but whether that was before or after she and Singh were married I don't know. Of course," he added, "some of the people I talked to were at all intimate with the Grants. Most of 'em would be glad to see the 'Colonel' hung, drawn and quartered."

Before he could continue, Friday entered from the hall. "Beg pardon, Miss' Lane," he said, "but there's a gent'man as wishes to see you. He says he's from police headquarters."

"It's just me, Mr. Lane." McCarthy's voice spoke over Friday's shoulder, and at Jimmy's invitation he came into the room, hat in hand. "I don't like to butt in at meal-time like this, but Captain Hemming sent me up with some information you wanted."

"Good boy," Jimmy approved. "We'll take our coffee in the study and talk things over."

I could see that McCarthy was bursting with news and we were barely seated before he began, "I guess you were right, Mr. Lane. It looks as if the Colonel is the guy we're after."

"So you've changed your mind about our friend Stoddard, here?"

McCarthy looked embarrassed. "Oh, come now, I never really thought that it was Mr. Stoddard. I had my eye on the Colonel all along, and what we've dug up tonight just about clinches it." He paused and brought out a paper from his pocket. "I began with, we've got hold of a copy of Grant's will and we find all his property goes to the Colonel."

Jimmy leaned forward and I could see that he was interested. "All of it?" he asked.

"Yeah; the whole works. He's executor, too, which means that it goes into his hands at once. After him it goes to the Rajah's, and in case of their dying it's to be split between Dr. Waverly and that pair of East Indians."

Jimmy opened a box of cigars and passed them around while he digested the information. Then, "Did you find out anything about the Colonel's business affairs?" he asked.

"We sure did, Mr. Lane." There was a triumphant ring to McCarthy's voice as he carefully selected a cigar and, with equal care, put it away in a battered cigar case. "We sure did. The Colonel was telling the truth when he said he had charge of all his brother's money affairs. They kept their securities in the same safety deposit box and their cash in a joint account. Usually they had a fair balance, but of late the Colonel's been drawing it out. Last week he took a bunch of securities and tried to raise money on 'em in a hurry."

"Did he get it?"

"Not as much as he wanted. Some of the stock had been bought when it was high and the market break brought it 'way down so the bank wouldn't allow him as much as he paid. He was pretty sore about it. Went into one of his rages and condemned the management right and left. I guess you see what all this looks like, Mr. Lane."

"Yes," Jimmy was smoking thoughtfully. "It looks as though he'd been playing the market and got called for more margins. Did you manage to find his broker?"

"Not his latest. He did business with several at different times. He was always having rows and walking out. But I'll bet we find he was trying to raise money on his brother's stuff in order to cover some little flyer of his own."

"It's possible," Jimmy agreed. "The Colonel told us he was talking to his brother in the seance room Monday night about selling some securities." He turned to Norah. "You were the one who interrupted them. Did they look as though they'd been quarreling?"

Norah wrinkled her brow in thought. "I really can't say. I heard the Colonel's voice, but then the door was open and he always roars, even when he's perfectly amiable. Singh was walking ahead of me, and if they were fighting they had time to stop it before I came into the room."

"Perhaps they didn't get to fighting until later," Stoddard suggested. "The Colonel might have gone up to the room again after I left for the aerodrome. If he tried to get Grant to turn over his securities and Grant refused, I can easily imagine the old boy flying into a rage and doing him in."

"So can I, Mr. Stoddard," McCarthy agreed. "Only I think it went farther than that. I think Grant had just discovered that the Colonel was playing fast and losing his money and was threatening to do something about it. The Colonel figured he'd have to bump him off to keep out of jail. Since he was the one to inherit, and was executor for the estate, nobody would ever know what a mess things were in . . . provided, of course, he managed to put over the idea that Grant died a natural death."

McCarthy's voice changed a trifle, became argumentative.

"I haven't told you everything we discovered, Mr. Lane. We've knocked the Colonel's alibi all to thunder. He wasn't in bed at 12 o'clock on Monday night. He was at the drug store."

Jimmy sat up a trifle. "Who says so?"

"The druggist. I've had a man making inquiries around the neighborhood and the druggist told him the Colonel came into his shop around twelve the night of the murder."

"He's sure?"

"Dead sure. He always closes at midnight and he was just locking up when the Colonel came in and bought some veronal."

"Veronal!" Norah exclaimed, and we all sat forward.

"Yes; on a prescription from Dr. Waverly. He told the druggist he'd been sleeping badly for several nights and he'd asked the Doctor to do something about it. Of course that was only an excuse. What he really used it for was to slip an overdose to Grant."

"What did he slip it in?" (I think it was Corrigan who asked the question.)

"In coffee or wine. Probably took it up with him. It would have been easy for him to carry off the glass or cup afterwards, and we've already explained how he worked the bolt on the door."

"That all sounds good to me." Corrigan was enthusiastic. "Have the M.D's. found any trace of veronal?"

"The toxicologist's report on the stomach isn't in yet. That stuff always takes time, but I bet they find it."

"How do you explain the blow on his skull?" Stoddard asked.

"The veronal made him dizzy, he keeled over and struck his head against the floor lamp," McCarthy explained. "That's easy."

"Too easy," said Jimmy from the hearth rug.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean nobody'd be such a fool. Figure it out for yourself. Every argument you've used against the Colonel he put into your hands himself. He told us perfectly frankly that he was talking with his brother about selling some stock. He went openly to the drug store nearest his house, where he was sure to be known, and bought veronal on the very night his brother was killed. Nobody but a half-wit would go about a murder that way."

"Well," McCarthy was stubborn, "perhaps he isn't quite right in his head. Those rages of his some darn near insanity."

"They do," Jimmy agreed. "And they are also the best argument against your theory. Like Stoddard, I can imagine the Colonel flying into one of his rages and hitting his brother over the head hard enough to kill him, but I can't imagine his going out and deliberately buying poison for a premeditated murder. It doesn't go with his type."

"Type or no type, the Colonel's the boy for me," said McCarthy. "And the Chief feels the same way."

"You mean he's planning to arrest him?"

"No; but he's had a couple of men trailing him ever since this afternoon, but they'll keep him in sight until we get everything straight."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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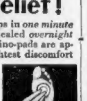
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Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 17)

She nodded, laughed breathlessly. "Maybe . . . Anyhow, you and I are through."

But he did not answer her. He merely laughed again. And his mocking laughter followed her as she fled up the stairs, up to the little apartment she was to leave tomorrow. Oh, thank heaven, she thought as she flung open the door, thank heaven she was to leave it tomorrow now Rake was back . . .

Somehow, while she was away, she must manage to make herself safe from Rake. Safe enough so that those ghastly months in the Winter could not be repeated. But how was she to do it? Marriage? It was a possibility. She thought about it, standing breathlessly in her tiny bedroom with the mauve taffeta curtains and silken cushions. She had every intention of marrying ultimately. She was the marrying kind. Why not now? She paused in her packing and crossed to the dressing table with its array of tall glass perfume bottles, chubby jars of cream, gold topped pots of rouge . . . Yes, supposing she married, wouldn't she be safe from Rake then? But whom was she to marry? A name flashed through her mind. She supposed because she had just been thinking of him. Quarrender Hale. But it was too ridiculous. The next moment she was laughing. You never did marry the man your people planned for you to marry. Inevitably you hated each other! All the same . . . it might be nice to be the wife of a famous tennis player, to be feted with him wherever you went. Besides, you were sure to do a lot of traveling, and Suzette adored to travel . . . Anyhow, it might be worth while looking him over, and she would have him to herself for a whole month.

"Wouldn't it be funny if we did hit it off?" she thought, with that tight little smile of hers.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The City Where Old Noah Lived and Built the Ark

(Continued from Double Page)

portant function was to enable the priests to forecast the future of the city and the outcome of enterprises undertaken by it, and also the horoscopes of private persons who paid the priests heavily for knowledge of what was going to happen to them. These people were, in fact, the original fortune tellers.

Shurrupak possessed surgeons and dentists with a fair knowledge of their craft. The surgeons could set bones, trepan skulls, remove cataracts from the eye and perform other important operations. But magic was invariably employed as an aid in treatment.

All citizens were required to serve as soldiers for the State, and they had an advanced military science. They fought in close, heavily armed phalanxes, which easily conquered the loose, irregular formations of savage races on open ground. They used spears with copper heads and axes of the same material. They carried copper swords and daggers with wooden handles, and they also used copper to make fish hooks and net weights.

As these people were so civilized, they had to pay taxes. There were two principal taxes known as "the dues of first fruits and tithes."

The wealthy wore necklaces of pearls, agate and lapis-lazuli, while the poorer contented themselves with beads and ornaments of paste or shell. Silver finger-rings and copper arm-rings were common among all classes of the population. Even the men were prodigiously adorned with jewels.

Hunger was probably unknown to these people, except when they were besieged by an enemy. The fertile plains around them supported great quantities of sheep and oxen, while the river brought them enormous quantities of fish. The marshes contained immense flocks of geese, ducks, quail and other birds that were good to eat, and which they could easily shoot with their arrows.

When they died they were buried in oval coffins of clay with terra-cotta lids. The bodies were placed on the side with the legs and arms bent, the right hand holding a drinking cup of clay, stone or shell. The dead man appears to be raising his hand to his mouth as though he were drinking the health of his favorite god in the next world. Many other cups were placed within reach, indicating that the men anticipated a prodigious thirst in the other world. This peculiarity has been seen in coffins of this type found in cities similar to Shurrupak. The dead man was also furnished with his tools and weapons. Pots of color were placed within reach, suggesting that the ladies expected to paint eternally.

This interesting and busy city of Shurrupak came to a sudden and violent end in 2900 B. C. An invading army, whose identity has not yet been learned, conquered it and burned it. It was never rebuilt, and its ruins, covered with clay and sand, have remained undisturbed to tell the modern world what the city of 4,000 years ago and more was like. But other cities of the same era continued to exist, although there was a great deal of invasion, pillaging and destruction in most of them at the same time.

Of the various ancient legends of the flood the most complete is contained, as already stated, in the famous tablets from the royal library at Nineveh, telling the epic of Gilgamesh, and now in the British Museum. They were discovered by the late Sir Henry Rawlinson, and only deciphered after many years. There are twelve tablets, and the eighth relates the story of the flood.

These remarkable tablets were found in the library of King Assurbanipal, of Assyria, known as Sardanapalus by the Greeks and Romans, and Asnapper in the Bible. He was one of the most distinguished monarchs of olden times, and almost incredible stories are told of his luxury and extravagance. But he was also a scholar.

The discoveries made in the library show that Assurbanipal could not only read various kinds of ancient writing, but could write cuneiform like a skilled scribe, and knew all about the craft of making and baking tablets. When forming his library he sent scribes to ancient seats of learning, such as Babylon, Nippur and Shurrupak. When the copies came to Nineveh, he either made transcriptions of them himself or caused his scribes to do so for the royal library. He established a factory in which the clay was cleaned and kneaded into well-shaped tablets and a kiln in which they were baked after they had been inscribed.

The uniformity of the writing upon them is very remarkable, and tablets with mistakes are rarely found. Groups of tablets were arranged in numbered series with "catch lines," the first tablet of the series giving the first line of the second tablet, and so.

Assurbanipal was greatly interested in the literature of the Sumerians, the non-Semitic people who occupied lower Babylonia in the earliest times, and were principally affected by the great flood. The tablets executed by Assurbanipal's orders are of especial value to scholars because they give Assyrian words side by side with the Sumerian.

There are several different accounts of the flood in the ancient records, and there are always some differences between them. It was the custom of the ancient scribes to make improvements or changes every time they wrote a legend. There are differences between the legend from Nineveh and the Bible story of the flood. The Babylonian legend says that a combination of gods decided to destroy Shurrupak because it was old. The Bible says that the Lord decided to send a flood upon the earth because people were corrupt and wicked.

Uta-Naphistim was an ancestor, apparently the uncle, of Gilgamesh, the national hero of the Sumerian race, who went through adventures resembling those of Hercules. The uncle tells Gilgamesh in tense, poetic language how he passed through the flood and escaped alive.

A party of gods and god-like persons—including the father of the gods, Anu, their counsellor Enlil, their messenger, En-urta and their Prince Ennugi—determined to drown Shurrupak. But the god Ea, who was with them in council, tipped him off to build a boat to make ready for the flood, very much as happened in the case of Noah. In the Nineveh tablet, Uta-Naphistim takes all and his handicraftsmen.

The Bible does not say that his gold into his boat, his family, his cattle, the beasts of the field Noah took his gold, but gives more details than Uta-Naphistim about the animals. Noah took seven males and seven females of every clean species, and one male and one female of every unclean species. Noah also took seven males and seven females of all the bird families. Uta-Naphistim does not go into such details of numbers and does not appear to have taken so many animals. The Bible specifies that the animals went into Noah's ark two by two, the male and the female, but Uta-Naphistim omits this interesting detail.

The Babylonian legend says that the flood lasted seven days, while the Book of Genesis makes it forty. In the Babylonian version the captain first sent out a dove, which came back, then a swallow, which came back, then a raven, which did not come back, showing it had found land. In Genesis, Noah first sent out a raven to find out if there was any dry land. The raven flew back and forth until "the waters were dried up from off the earth." He also sent out a dove, which first returned because it could find no place to stand on. Then after seven days he sent out the dove again. This time it returned with an olive leaf, showing that a tree was above water. After another seven days he sent the dove out again, and this time it did not return, showing that it had found land.

In the Babylonian legend the ark lands on Mt. Nisir, while in the Bible it comes to rest on "the Mountains of Ararat." Scholars are now agreed that the place called Mount Ararat in Armenia cannot have been the place where any ark from Babylonia came to rest. The place which has been called Ararat for many centuries is over 400 miles north of Shurrupak. The ark would naturally have floated south toward the sea, and Uta-Naphistim was lucky not to have been lost at sea.

The Babylonian legend says that Uta-Naphistim's ark was 200 feet high and the same width. Its interior was divided into nine parts, and it was roofed over. Successive editors of the legend are believed to have made considered exaggerations as they rewrote it. The Bible says that Noah's ark was 500 feet long, 83 feet wide and 50 feet high. The Babylonian version says that after the flood Uta-Naphistim and his wife became like gods.

Experts of the University of Pennsylvania say that they would probably have been of the same construction as the curious, primitive round boats which are still made on the Euphrates. They are made of reeds covered with pitch. It has been estimated that it would have been possible to make one 30 feet wide, and this might have accommodated a farmer, his cattle and his family, but not, of course, all the animals on earth.

A very important version was discovered on a tablet in the temple library at Nippur. This was written about 2500 B. C., or about 1800 years before the great Nineveh tablet. In this the hero of the flood is called Ziugiddu, and not Uta-Naphistim, but the facts are nearly the same, although the language is very different. The beginning and the end were missing.

Still another account was found at Nippur, dating about 2000 B. C. It includes an interesting reference to the beginning of agriculture and the medical use of plants in Babylonia. These details are held by some to prove that civilization began in this neighborhood, while other archaeologists assert that it began in Egypt.

A complete story of the flood was written by Berosus, a priest of Bel, the great god of Babylon. He lived in the time of Alexander the Great, and his account is repeated in the works of Alexander Polyhistor and other historians. He states that the flood took place in the days of Xisuthrus, the tenth King of the Chaldeans. It was this King, who, warned by the god Cronus, built the ark. This story contains the essential features of the legend of the flood found in Assurbanipal's library.

Seals representing Gilgamesh fighting with beasts have been discovered at Nippur of about 2000 B. C., and it is probable that they referred to legends which were already ancient. As the flood story was included in the Gilgamesh epic, it must have been older than these seals showing Gilgamesh.

Accounts of the great flood are found in the early history of other ancient Asiatic countries besides Babylonia. Phoenicia had its legend, and there is a coin from Phrygia of the time of the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus showing the deluge there. Even Japan has a legend of the flood, but this was probably an entirely separate event.

It is interesting that Egypt has no flood legend. This forms part of the proof that the great flood of Uta-Naphistim and Noah was confined to Babylonia and surrounding countries.

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for Clean-limbed Loveliness

X-Bazin is the reliable hair remover for legs, arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

This creamy depilatory leaves your skin smooth, white and hairless instead of with the blue, shaved look of the razor. The future growth of hair, too, is definitely discouraged. *Insist* on X-Bazin—accept no substitutes.

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X-TRA *quick sure safe!*

Ends sunburn torture quickest, SAFEST way!

SUFFERING from sunburn? Stop it—quickly! Spread on Unguentine. The pain vanishes—quicker than with anything else you might use.

Why so quickly? Because, unlike lotions and toilet preparations which only reach the outer surface of the skin...Unguentine penetrates! Right down to the inflamed tissues where the pain actually occurs.

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with lotions and toilet preparations

Severe sunburn is just as painful as any other burn—and it too may become infected. Your doctor wouldn't think of treating a burn with a toilet lotion or cream. Neither should you. Never use anything but UNGUENTINE, the famous antiseptic remedy used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for burns and scalds.

Unguentine changes smarting red to rich, golden tan. Only 50 cents—at your druggist's.

Norwich

Because UNGUENTINE goes as deep as the burn

Short Shift With Summer Laundry

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CLEAN clothes and plenty of them is a daily demand in hot weather when sports and Summer stains play havoc with even the stoutest dress material.

In families with children especially, the Summer washing and ironing becomes a real problem. And convenient as the commercial laundry is, it is sometimes too distant or to expensive for the larger family. Therefore, to the housewife who must be her own laundress, a word of suggestion on new laundry equipment and methods may not come amiss.

Today even a small kitchen, or lack of what seems enough space, no longer means that the housewife cannot easily manage at least a share of the work at home. For laundry equipment is shrinking in size to meet the conditions of limited space. Just as the auto has been modified along lighter and stream-line models, so both washing and ironing machines have been studied by engineers with the result that they are now much more compact, lighter built, and even seen in folding models which tuck away when not in use.

Not so long ago the mangle was but a duplication of the clumsy heavy iron installation of the power laundry. Now one of the newest models folds up into a space not much larger than a kitchen chair, while the top surface serves as a table. The roll of this ironer is but 24 inches, a length sufficient, however, to iron sheets, table and bed linens. In this model as in many other new ones the roll is operated by a knee control which can be located almost subconsciously by the worker as she sits facing the machine. After a little practice the driving of an ironer becomes as automatic as changing shifts on a motor car.

Newer models are so made that the steel shoe which does the pressing against the padded roll does not result in the broken buttons which formerly were the despair of the housewife. Both ends of the roll open for easy removal and handling of garments; a red pilot light indicates when the current is on or off, thus saving electricity. Not more than 10 minutes is required to heat the machine to the point where it will press the heaviest pieces.

There is still a prevailing opinion among housewives that an ironer is only suitable and useful for flat work. On the contrary a good ironer will handle at least 80 per cent of all home ironing. A man's shirt, for example, with cuffs and pleats, may be done in 6 minutes by a rapid worker. And housedresses, sleeping wear, childrens' dresses, indeed, fancy pieces of all kinds may be smoothed beautifully on the power ironer.

Proper sorting of the pieces has everything to do with the ease, rapidity and success of the work. The less damp and the most sheer materials should be taken first, before the shoe has become too hot. In order of their textile qualities, silk should be ironed first, rayon and cotton next, and linens and all linen-finished materials last when the iron is "going good" and can put a heavy gloss on these materials which must always be ironed very damp to secure attractive results. Small pieces like handkerchiefs and doilies should be left to the last when they may be ironed with the heat turned off.

The use of an ironing machine means sitting down comfortably to work, a practice that grandmother would have denounced as extremely shiftless. But when power and not elbow grease does the pressing, then there is no necessity of standing to secure more leverage and weight on the iron. Sitting down, then, has stimulated the manufacturer of different types of rack-stools, that is, a large and metal stool to which are attached extension rods on which the ironed pieces may be hung. In short, the worker on her stool before her machine, may with the other hand remove the ironed piece and hang it on the extension of the stool where she sits.

But before ironing, comes washing. And there are several new and small washers particularly suited to Summer laundry. One of these is made to sit on the top of the gas range so that the clothes may be boiling at the same time that they are treated to a motor-operated bath. Where space must be saved, there is a new model which lowers to put under a table when not in use, or rises to a proper and convenient height while washing.

Many Summer clothes, however, should not be treated to a water method. These require benzine, naphtha, or some form of gasoline which will remove stains originating from grease, oil, etc. The housewife should welcome a specially designed washerette or cleaner operated by a crank handle, and appearing much like the old-fashioned churn.

This is really a small hand dry cleaner machine made expressly for cleaning silks, crepes, wools and all similar fabrics with a special naphtha but not explosive fluid. Fill the new cleaner (which by the way holds five gallons) with its accompanying liquid, drop in your favorite but soiled blouse, sweater suit, or what have you, rotate the handle less than 10 minutes and your blouse or suit will emerge like new.

The cost per garment is about 20 cents, quite a difference from the usual $1.50 asked by the professional cleaner. The machine nicely tucks away when not in use, and really quite soon pays for its small cost in saved cleaning bills.

Even though everyone knows the familiar umbrella-type clothes drier, many housewives still continue with the old dragging clothes lines which sag after every storm and which need continual putting up and down. These umbrella driers are being manufactured in models costing less than $6, and with their equivalent of 150 yards of line, they are something no Summer yard should be without.

But if space does not permit even the umbrella drier, there is a new clothes line reel which should commend itself. With this reel which contains 100 feet of line, there come three hooks which are to be permanently attached to wall or post. When the line is desired, all that is necessary is to slip three rings over the three hooks and turn the handle. Out comes the line, in a jiffy, from its protected reel, made by the way out of red or green painted metal.

Many Summer families, especially at the beach or camp, find it necessary to ship soiled laundry back to their home base. For such there is a special mailing laundry case or hamper. This is made of stout fiber with canvas straps and is so sturdy built that it will not be affected by the tough travel of the parcel post. It holds the equivalent of about twenty pounds of soiled laundry.

How to remove Summer spots and stains is something every woman needs to know. If she is living at home there is a very convenient assortment of bottled cleaners packed in a small carton resembling a house. Each of these six cleansers is a specialist in removing paint, grease, fruit, rust, scorch and ink stains. No home should be without it and by the way it makes an excellent gift for the bride's shower.

Sore, Tired Feet

Oh! How good it feels to put your tired, aching feet in a "TIZ" bath! You can just feel the pain being drawn out and grateful comfort being restored.

"TIZ" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet and make them tender and sore. It takes all the soreness out of corns, calluses and strained muscles and makes tight shoes feel a half size larger. Get a box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store and have weeks of foot comfort for a few cents.

Bathe Them in "TIZ"

TWO BLONDES wanted him... *but*

ONE was a dull, dingy blonde. The other had golden hair that sparkled and shone *—thanks to Blondex.* Of course she was the one who got him!

Blondex is a special blonde hair shampoo that not only prevents darkening—but safely restores natural golden gleam to faded light hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Fine for the scalp. See what a glorious difference it will make in your hair. At all leading drug and department stores.

MERCOLIZED WAY

Brings Out the Hidden Beauty

There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax gradually lifts into the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It clears away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underskin aglow with new life and beauty.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily as an astringent.

STOP BURNING FEET

THIS "3 SECOND" WAY

NO MORE throbbing, painful burning feet! Just use Cheiro, the ivory-white, vanishing foot cream. Its healing, cooling oils and ointments soothe sore, inflamed tissues in 3 seconds. Perspiration, postures, ointment, etc., cannot get it for all-day foot comfort change stain. Get Cheiro today at all drug and department stores.

"Klutch" HOLDS False Teeth tight in the mouth

"KLUTCH" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your troubles. 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't *waste money* on substitutes, but write us for a box. Use Klutch 30 days, then, if perfectly satisfied, send us 50 cents. HART & CO., Box 2335-G, Elmira, N. Y.

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

SAFE WAY TO END CORNS

One drop deadens pain, removes corn

HERE is a new and totally different way to remove a corn or a callus. One drop deadens pain. Acts like a local anaesthetic; really amazing. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance.

The corn shrivels and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. No more dangerous cutting.

Works alike on any corn or callus, no matter how old or how painful.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

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Green Salad

BUY a bottle of non-alcoholic creme de menthe. Pour a little of the liquid over drained canned pears. Let stand overnight or until delicately colored. Arrange romaine, heart lettuce, watercress, chicory hearts, the colored pears and rings of green pepper on salad platter and serve with any desired dressing. Pineapple salad may be prepared in the same way.

KEEP BABY SAFE

...Use the Baby Powder that doctors recommend!

There is no such thing as "just as good" when it comes to a Baby Talcum. Only the best will do! Z. B. T. is enthusiastically endorsed by thousands of doctors, nurses and hospitals. It is made specifically to prevent the torments of Urea Irritation, prickly heat and chafing.

Reject Substitutes!

Use Z. B. T. to keep Baby's skin clear and healthy. At all drug department and chain stores, in three sizes—10c, 25c and 50c.

FREE TRIAL CAN! Send 4 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address Z. B. T. Products Co., Dept. B., Bronx, N. Y.

Z.B.T. BABY TALCUM

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CATCH THOSE FIRST GRAY HAIRS *—now*

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous, clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
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Street .....
City ..... State .....
Color of your hair? .....

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Baked Rhubarb, Bacon Omelet, Graham Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Poached Eggs, Buttered Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Prepared Cereal, Plain Omelet, Baking Powder Tea Biscuit, Coffee.	Fruit, Corn Omelet, Small Sausage Balls, Toasted Biscuit, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Minced Bacon with Hashed Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes or Broiled Tomatoes, Coffee.	Berries, Cereal, French Toast, Coffee.	Raspberries, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Scalloped Egg Plant, Apricot Jam and Marshmallow Cup Cakes (Jam filling and Marshmallow Icing), Iced Tea.	French Fried Calf's Liver or Breaded Chops, Asparagus, Tomatoes, Cookies, Punch.	Vegetable Stew, Paprika Dumplings, "Gooseberry Fool," Iced Tea.	Baked Paprika Potatoes or Buttered Noodles, Pineapple Delight.	Jellied Cherry Salad, Cream Cheese, Crackers, Punch.	Cooked or Raw Cauliflower Salad, Baked Bananas with Currant Sauce, Punch.	Tomato Juice Cocktail, Roast Lamb or Veal, Browned Potatoes or Macaroni, Buttered Peas, Currant Mint Jelly, Chocolate Blanc Mange.
Dinner	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
American Chop Suey, Steamed Rice, Cabbage Relish, Upside Down Pineapple Cake, Coffee.	Broiled Sweetbreads and Pineapple with Mushroom Sauce, Watercress and Pear Salad, French Dressing, Chocolate Parfait, Coffee.	Fricassee of Chicken, Steamed Rice, Sweet Pickled Young Carrots, Asparagus Salad, Blackberry Charlotte.	Jellied Chicken Salad (Left-Over Chicken), Stuffed Tomatoes and Cucumber Cups on Lettuce, Clover Leaf Rolls, Caramel Ice Cream, Delicate Cake.	Mineed Bacon with Hashed Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes or Broiled Tomatoes, Coffee.	Honey Dew Melon, Lima Bean Scallop, Graham Muffins or Rolls, Ripe Olive and Shredded Cabbage Salad, Old-Fashioned Apple Pie.	Assorted Sandwiches, Pineapple and White Grape Juice Punch.

American Weekly Patterns

AN UP-TO-DATE DAYTIME DRESS (7231). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch material if made as in the large view. Collar, sleevebands and belt of contrasting material will require ⅛ yard. With long sleeves the dress will require 4 yards.

A POPULAR APRON FROCK (7238). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4½ yards of material 35 inches wide.

A PRACTICAL AND PLEASING DRESS (7232). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 35-inch material if made with short sleeves. With long sleeves 4¼ yards will be required.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7247). Designed in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. To make the 3-year size with long sleeves will require 2 yards of 29-inch material. With short sleeves 1⅝ yards.

GIRL'S TWO-PIECE DRESS (7242). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size will require 2¼ yards of 35-inch material, with ⅝ yard of muslin or lining for the underbody.

GIRL'S DRESS (6901). Cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size requires 2¼ yards of material 32 inches wide.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15c in coin for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

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7231....Bust	6901...Years
7238....Size	7232....Bust
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City and State. .....

Send 10 cents in coin for our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, showing 16 color pages and containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

Use Pineapple for Flavor

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Pineapple Punch.

COOK 1¼ cups sugar and 2 cups water for 5 minutes. Add the juice of 3 lemons, 2 cups strained raspberry juice and 2 cups crushed pineapple. Cool. Just before serving add 1 quart ginger ale or charged water. Pour over crushed ice and serve in chilled glasses.

Savory Mayonnaise for Ham and Pineapple Salad.

TO make savory mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, a few grains paprika, a few grains salt, 1 teaspoon onion juice and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard to ⅛ cup thick mayonnaise and blend well.

Sliced Pineapple
(For Ham and Roast Meat).

DRAIN 1 quart large pineapple cubes and insert a whole clove in each piece. Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup pineapple juice, ¼ cup vinegar, grated rind of ½ lemon and a small piece of cinnamon. Boil until mixture forms a syrup. Add the pineapple and cook gently until syrup becomes thick. Remove from fire and seal in small sterilized jars.

Cheese, Mint Jelly and Pineapple Salad.

WITH butter paddles make as many well seasoned cream cheese balls as you will need. Let stand in ice box. To ½ cup water add ¼ cup vinegar, 2 cups sugar and ½ cup fresh mint leaves. Stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boiling point. Add 6 tablespoons commercial pectin. Stir constantly, bringing again to boiling point and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, let stand a few minutes, and skim off mint leaves. Place the cream cheese balls in tray of mechanical ice box or shallow pans. Pour the mint mixture over the cheese balls and chill. When congealed cut in cubes and place on slices of pineapple, allowing one cheese ball to each serving. Arrange pineapple on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Pineapple Sherbet.

BOIL 1 quart water and 2 cups sugar together for 5 minutes. Add 2 cups shredded pineapple to the boiling syrup and let stand until reheated. Cool. Then press through sieve. Add the juice of 1 lemon and freeze to a mush. Add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and continue freezing.

Ham and Pineapple Salad.

MIX 2 cups finely chopped cold boiled ham with 2 cups drained canned diced or crushed pineapple and 1 cup finely chopped celery. Moisten with savory mayonnaise. Arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise, green pepper rings, cucumber rings or radish roses.

Pineapple Grill.

HAVE ready 3 or 4 baked, boiled or canned sweet potatoes. Cut in thick slices. Cook the potatoes, 6 or 8 slices of pineapple and a few mushroom caps separately in a little butter until delicately browned. Boil small sausages 10 or 15 minutes. Drain and bake until brown. Place pineapple on hot serving platter, arrange potato on pineapple, cover potato with sausage and mushrooms and garnish with crisp parsley or watercress.

Pineapple Conserve.

PICK over, wash and hull 1 quart strawberries. Wash, steam and pit 1 quart sour cherries or stone 1 can cherries. Drain 2 cups diced pineapple. Slice 1 orange very thin. Combine fruits. Weigh fruits and add an equal weight of sugar. Cook slowly until mixture thickens when tested on a cold saucer. Pour into hot sterilized glasses and seal with melted paraffin.

Hawaiian Salad.

MIX 2 cups drained diced pineapple, 1 quart shredded crisp white cabbage and ¼ cup broken nut meats. Arrange on a bed of crisp watercress. Finely chop 1 or 2 choice tomatoes and mix with 1 tablespoon onion juice, 2 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese and a little well seasoned mayonnaise dressing. Pour over the pineapple mixture. Garnish with sliced pineapple and green pepper rings.

Pineapple Waffles.

MIX and sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add ¾ cup crushed pineapple, 2 beaten egg yolks and ¼ cup melted butter. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and cook on hot waffle iron. Serve with whipped cream or cream pineapple sauce. To make the cream pineapple sauce: Cook ½ cup pineapple juice and 1½ tablespoons sugar for 3 minutes. Add ½ cup thick cream and serve immediately.

Pineapple Fritters.

BRING 1 cup water and ½ cup butter to boiling point. Add 1 cup sifted flour and beat until mixture cleaves from sides of pan. Remove from heat, cool slightly and add, one at a time, 3 unbeaten eggs. Drop from tip of tablespoon into hot deep fat and fry until puffed and golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper. With a sharp knife make an opening in each puff and fill with drained crushed pineapple mixed with beaten and sweetened cream. Serve with cream pineapple sauce.

FROSTILLA
Makes skin
smooth-quickly!

Frostilla is a friendly guardian of hands, faces, shoulders, ankles. Soothing, fragrant—this quick-drying lotion keeps all skin soft, white, smooth. It relieves redness, roughness, dryness; protects against summer sun, weather and winds. *And what a powder base it is!*

Keep Frostilla handy—and use it often—for your skin's sake!

35c, 50c, $1.00 everywhere. Also 10c size at 5 & 10c stores. The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.

Clean up that Refrigerator!

NOW is the time of year when you have to be *extra* careful to keep your refrigerator sweet and sanitary. Wash it at least once a week with Gold Dust. A tablespoonful to a gallon of water is enough. It leaves no soapy residue and it kills all germs. Your grocer has Gold Dust in two convenient sizes. Get your package today.

5¢ KITCHENETTE SIZE

For greatest economy, ask your grocer for the big Household package.

FOR DIRTY DIRT

Actually *Reduces* Body Temperature!

2 KINDS
Orange Pekoe and Formosa Oolong. Conveniently packed in screw-top canisters.

MOST cold drinks are *not* cooling ... Recent scientific experiments definitely prove that *even plain ice water*, while momentarily cooling because of its low temperature, very quickly makes you hotter.

But *iced tea actually reduces body temperature*, and leaves you cooler for hours after. For iced tea has the peculiar faculty of helping the body to send the heat to the surface and to eliminate it . . . while most cold drinks drive the heat and fluids of the body inward, and increase temperature.

Chase & Sanborn's is a tea of long-established reputation for *richer flavor* . . . It retains its delicious, refreshing taste *even when iced*. This is the real test of high flavor content . . . and of refreshing quality, also. For the same element which carries the flavor of tea also determines how refreshing it is.

Get a can of Chase & Sanborn's Tea today . . . Make up a pitcher of iced tea. See how much more refreshing it tastes, how really cooling it is!

CHASE & SANBORN'S *Tea*

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DANGEROUS DIMMING ENDED..
Road Light Doubled!

ONE of the most spectacular demonstrations ever seen at Auto Shows. Crowds swarm about new invention. Thousands learn how science has at last banished motordom's worst and greatest problem. Read details below.

AMAZING INVENTION FITS ANY HEADLIGHT...
Revolutionizes Night Driving!

At last! Night driving suddenly becomes actually SAFER than day! At one sweep, a tiny, inexpensive invention banishes glare! Doubles road illumination! Shoots an entirely new kind of beam that cuts through every light on the road! Not an "attachment." Fits any car. A 25-year-old, two-million-dollar company now introduces it with a liberal FREE TEST OFFER. You be the judge. Get amazing results or test costs you nothing. Simply use the Free Test Offer coupon QUICK!

IT is a well-known fact that motor car manufacturers have solved every big problem except one. As soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a constant, rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Every man who ever groped dizzily down the highway in traffic at night knows the horrible sensation of being half-blinded by cars on his left, unable to see the ditch on his right, his own lights seeming dim and shadowy and practically worthless. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and inexpensively from the shoulders of the entire motoring world!

Fits Any Headlight... Lights Road Bright as Day

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is not merely an improvement over old methods. Not a mere "attachment." It is a little invention that replaces the "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Millions of motorists have invested from $10 to $25 or more in so-called "Spot" Lights and "Driving" Lights which at best are only makeshifts. This new lighting method costs only a tiny fraction as much yet actually DOES double road illumination. Banishes need for Glare Shields. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes night driving at 40 to 50 miles an hour safe and easy. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far. Actually lights the road so far ahead that you could do 80 miles an hour and still see your way!

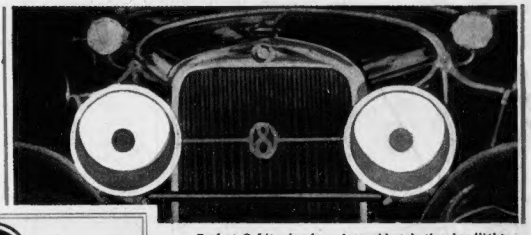
Make Your Own Test Free

The secret of the amazing things this new light does is in the kind of "beam" or "ray" that it throws. Instead of ordinary light, this new invention pours a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light down the entire roadway. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects, absolutely clear, without the usual flickering "shadows." Space here limits further discussion of the facts about this discovery. Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agents' money-making opportunities. Mail the coupon for everything, entirely without obligation, TODAY!

PERFECT-O-LITE

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO.

Dept. K-890 *[Established 1902]* Pittsburgh, Pa.



Perfect-O-Lite simply replaces old-style glass headlight "bulbs." Not an attachment. Not a "shield." Nothing to fasten on lenses! Makes lights look entirely different! Greatest self-advertiser ever known.

AGENT MAKES $1,400 *In One Week!*

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